

MAXIMS,

CHARACTERS,

AND

REFLECTIONS,

CRITICAL, SATYRICAL, and MORAL.

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can.
POPE.

Et moi aussi je suis Peintre ! MONTESQUIEU.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLVI.

P R E F A C E.

EVERY one, I believe, has his moments of reflection; I have had mine. My mind has frequently been filled with images, and busied in arranging and comparing them; in forming principles, and drawing conclusions: These ideas I found it difficult wholly to retain, and wholly to dismiss; they were continually recurring, though not without some confusion, because they were continually increasing; so that I was at length urged, by a kind of necessity, to throw them out upon paper merely that I might relieve my memory, and indulge my imagination in new pursuits without distraction.

When they were once written, I felt the same desire to discharge them from my cabinet, as I had felt to discharge them from my mind ; and as I had before thrown out my thoughts upon paper, I have now thrown my papers into the world.

IT is however, of little consequence to the reader what may have been my motive for offering him this little book ; he will undoubtedly consider only how far it pleases him : I hasten then to say what appears to me not improper for him to know, before he commences my judge.

IN the first place I must observe, that there are about a dozen sentences among the maxims that are extremely like some that occur in La Rochefoucault, or La Bruiere ; it is therefore necessary to prevent a charge of plagiarism by declaring that I first read those celebrated authors, after the maxims in question were written,

written, and in consequence of having written them, and some hundred more which I have not brought into this collection. As the similitude of those passages is a very considerable proof that the sentiment they contain is true, I was for that reason determined to admit them; and upon this occasion I would remark, that if I had justly suffered as a plagiarist, truth would even then have suffered with me; for the moment we read what we think unfairly borrowed, we are so offended at the dissimulation which would appropriate the merit of another, that we pay no regard to the sentiment itself, nor give ourselves leisure to consider a moment whether it is true or false, trivial or important; so strong is the natural love of justice among men!

It is farther necessary to apprise my reader, that he will here and there detect me in the use of words

and expressions that are wholly French ; but before he censures me as guilty either of negligence or affectation, let him try to find an English word or expression that includes precisely the same idea ; if he cannot, he must necessarily acquit me, and if he can, I shall envy him the discovery and wish it had been mine.

IT is certainly true, however little to be accounted for, that the inhabitants of every country have a peculiar characteristic, by which they are distinguished from all others. Every language therefore must have peculiar advantages and disadvantages ; it must be more adapted to express those ideas that have a particular connection with the prevailing genius and temper of the people that use it, and must be less adapted to express those ideas which have a particular connection with the temper and genius of others. As to the different charac-

characteristics of France and England, they will be best distinguished by a view of each as represented by the other ; because the peculiarities of each being then exaggerated, will be more easily discerned. If we believe what a Frenchman and an Englishman would say of their respective countries, we shall conclude, that one is gawdy and fantastic, the other destitute of fancy ; one idly volatile, the other solemnly busy ; that one is profligate in her manners, the other wants gallantry ; one is too fond of company, and the other of solitude ; one is trifling, the other formal ; one is too much in jest, the other too much in earnest ; one carries the gaiety of conversation between the sexes into indelicacy and libertinism, the other renders it insipid by an awkward reserve in one sex, and ungraceful bashfulness in the other ; one reasons too much, the other too little ; in the

productions of imagination one indulges a wild and licentious luxury, the other is too tamely fond of exactness, propriety, and rule; for as one is more extensive in her ideas, so is she less precise; and as the other is less extensive, so is she more precise. It is not here necessary, to draw the line of truth between these two accounts, it is sufficient to observe, that there is at least a propensity in the two nations to these excesses, and that when they err, they err in every particular on opposite sides. The general difference is now much less than it was ten years ago: whether we shall continue to approach each other till we meet, or whether we shall withdraw into our original limits, time only can determine.

By this sketch it may, I think, be seen where the strength of the two languages lies; the English language has greater depth and compass, and is therefore capable
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of more force and elegance than the French ; but at the same time it has less refinement and precision ; and though with respect to subjects of importance it has a greater variety of words ; yet with respect to objects of taste, to the delicacies of manner and conversation, the nice distinctions of modes of behaviour, and all the numberless refinements of society, it is comparatively poor. Upon this occasion perhaps I may be permitted to observe, that our language is copious and expressive not only by the number of words, but by the various senses in which the same word is used : but this, although it frequently produces a beauty, sometimes renders a passage ambiguous and obscure ; especially in unconnected aphorisms, where truth is compressed into a small compass, and can receive no illustration from antecedent or subsequent passages. Our language also seems
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to want accuracy and precision, by having no genders; so that the words, *it, they, that, those*, and other relatives, are not so easily referred to their particular antecedents: for this reason, perhaps, some have thought the French language better adapted to express independent truths in short maxims than ours. And indeed, if it be allowed that the English language is capable of equal perspicuity with the French, it must be acknowledged that it is at least more difficult to render it thus perspicuous, as the number of words out of which the choice is to be made is greater; and many of those that offer are so uncertain in their signification, that they may be read in a sense very different from that in which they were written: in this instance therefore, the disadvantage of our language results from its abundance, as the advantage of the French from its poverty. If my thoughts are expressed
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with any degree of strength and elegance, I desire to acknowledge my obligation to the language in which I write; and if they should happen also to be expressed with perspicuity, by a happy choice of words, I must confess that they owe this in a great degree to the advantage which resulted from my communicating them to others, and hearing their expression of my sentiment.

As to the sense which my maxims or characters contain, I offer it only as *my* opinion, and would by no means be thought to impose it upon others. I neither expect, nor think I have reason to expect, that in every particular it will be universally received as true: men differ from men too much to see objects in the same light, or draw the same conclusions from the same principles. The reader will however, I think, easily see that my thoughts are such as naturally arose from a perusal of that

great miscellany, the living world; and are not contrived to support any favourite theory, which I had either formed or adopted in a library or a college; and therefore, before he concludes that I am mistaken, I hope he will have recourse to the same school, and try me not by opinion but experience, not by logic but by life.

BUT as I know some will charge me with error, I know also that I cannot hope to please all who admit my notions to be true. I know that our neighbours the French are pleased with a sententious and unconnected manner of writing; and that in general we are not. The cause of this difference of taste between two nations so eminent for genius and learning I shall not here attempt to assign, though I think that in some degree it might easily be done.

BUT

BUT that I might as much as possible accommodate myself to the taste of my country, I have extended and rendered more explicit many of my short maxims, which, tho' they reflected my own ideas to myself, might have wanted explanation to others. I have also added characters, which in many instances have given me an opportunity, not only of shewing the reader the concatenation of ideas that has either flowed from, or produced my original maxim, but also of attempting some nicer touches of sentiment, satire, or humour.

I HAVE also added some short pieces of poetry that are not quite foreign to my general design, and some few criticisms on received opinions which did not appear to me to be just.

SOMETIMES the maxim is illustrated but in part, and sometimes indeed

indeed the maxim and character have no connection at all. The maxims themselves are in some few instances ranged so as to throw a light upon each other, though in other instances they are wholly unconnected; and sometimes though they have a common relation to the same subject, are separated by design. It must be left to the intelligent reader to distinguish these particulars, and to see the author's different view in the various and very different parts of this work.

I DOUBT not but that my book has now many defects, and it will every day have more; for such parts as allude to fashions and customs, must necessarily lose not only their force and propriety, but even their meaning, as those fashions and customs change and are forgotten; nay the finer is a stroke of satire or humour, particularly if the expression be ironical, the sooner is it liable to be lost.

lost. The next winter may perhaps render me unintelligible in some parts where I am now best understood; even while I am writing my subject eludes me, and my labour may in that respect perhaps be compared to that of a painter, who should attempt to delineate the figure of a cloud, which is every moment changing its shape, and will in a short time totally disappear.

I WOULD not however be thought to apologize for defects, or to solicit applause. If the public shall honour these sheets with a favourable regard in a general view, and thus make them worthy of another edition, I shall pay the utmost deference to its just censure of particular parts, and readily remove or alter what shall appear reprehensible.

My first inducement indeed to give these sheets to the world was

my

my own satisfaction, and that cannot be taken from me. If I should be so happy as to please the unprejudiced and the just, nay to be reprehended by them, my second pleasure will indeed be greater than my first.

E R R A T A.

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|---------------|-----|--|
| Page 32, line | 10. | <i>for puppy ! bow, read puppy bow.</i> |
| 45, | 13. | <i>for discourses read discourse.</i> |
| 76, | 5. | <i>for troublesome read tiresome.</i> |
| 83, | 12. | <i>dele full point after apt.</i> |
| | 14. | <i>for Frabicius read Fabricius.</i> |
| 84, | 3. | <i>for false read false.</i> |
| 108, | 5. | <i>for as musicians read as some musicians.</i> |
| 109, | 17. | <i>for deserver read observer.</i> |
| 116, | 20. | <i>for jolting read jutting.</i> |
| 128, | 23. | <i>dele comma after hawrk.</i> |
| 131, | 25. | <i>for quelle disgrace read quelle disgrace.</i> |
| 231, | 19. | <i>for was very pretty read was a very pretty.</i> |
| 250, | 1. | <i>for is a man read is man.</i> |
| | 13. | <i>for principles read principle.</i> |

MAXIMS,

MAXIMS, &c.

A MAXIM is sometimes like the seed of a plant which the soil it is thrown into must expand into leaves, and flowers, and fruit; so that great part of it must sometimes be *written* as it were by the *reader*.

No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself.

THE best heads can but misjudge in causes belonging to the 'jurisdiction of the Heart.

TRUE delicacy, as true generosity, is more wounded by an offence *from* itself, if

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I may be allowed the expression, than *to* itself.

As some poisonous animals carry about them an antidote to their own venom, so do most people for the offence they give by flight, hatred, and contempt.

VERY nice scruples are sometimes the effect of a great mind, but oftner of a little one.

SOME men talk sensibly and act foolishly, some talk foolishly and act sensibly; the first laugh at the last, the last cheat the first.

SAYS Agathles I am of consequence, pray consider me; I am agreeable, pray seek my company: the world is in this instance so complying that it takes his word and gratifies him. Yes, say you, the undiscerning and the foolish, all others see that the man is only vain and impudent. It is true; but while I hear those others cry out against the imposition, I likewise see them comply with the request.

CHRYSA NTES is more sought after than any man I know: he is alike the favourite of the old, the young, the men of parts
and

and the illiterate. No one ever calls him by his surname, or Mr. it is the smallest diminutive of his christian name that he goes by, and were there any thing in the language correspondent to ANIMULA that would doubtless be his appellation. Adrian could not have invented any thing more fondling for his own soul than every one would bestow upon this *Mignon*. Hear then the rare qualities that have dignified this *Deliciæ humani generis*. Chryfantes is in his person unwieldly, clumsy, and vulgar, and his countenance is not only correspondent to his figure in regard to his features, but is wholly unanimated and without expression; his behaviour must consequently be equally destitute of grace and delicacy. What are his morals? execrable; all his sensations towards human nature are confined to the little circle of his own person; but what then, I say, are his charms? nay, if you don't find them out it is not my fault. Will you sit up? Chryfantes is your Man: provided your Champaigne be good, or your purse full and exposed to be emptied. Dice, cards, heads or tails, Chryfantes has no choice, he is all complaisance, only if

you leave it to him he had *rather* play for indefinite sums, and it is very easy for each man to tell his lump. He never mistakes, he will tell you, every time he wins, to a guinea what he had before him; no man reckons better, or so fast as he; he is the best companion, the *bonestest fellow* in the world; but what is his conversation? is it the awful profound of reasoning, or the gay superficialities of wit that thus attracts the literati? neither; you are tired with the paradox!—Chryfantes has the best cook in the world, the best wines; and a great house whose door *bates the threshold*.

SAYING an ingenious or discerning thing is no proof of a sound understanding, saying an absurd thing, prejudice always excepted, is a proof of the contrary.—Folly is seldom so gross as to admit no gleam of light, and one right hit cannot prove a right assemblage of ideas; though a right assemblage of ideas makes gross absurdity even in a single instance impossible.

VANITY is the poison of agreeableness; yet as poison when artfully and properly apply'd, has a salutary effect in medicine, so
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has vanity in the commerce and society of the world.

WE are never so ready to praise as when we are inclined to detract, and often has one man, nay one nation, been flattered by the commendations of a writer who really meant no more than to fix a stronger censure upon another.

Pleasure is a *game* for which it will be in vain *to try*, it must *start* before you or you'll never *find*.

IF you find your friend covetous hope he is inconsistent too—he has nothing else for it.

NOTHING so difficult as tracing effects into causes, nothing so quick as the invention of causes for effects.

Some men are like certain stuffs, beautiful on one side, hideous on the other.

AN unpretending man is never deficient; or if he is, as La Bruiere says of ugliness in an agreeable man, “ *Cela ne fait pas son effet.* ”

ARCON is what the French call *d'un fort mauvais ton*; and he is much more so from

aiming at what they call *un bon ton*; he is well-born, not ill educated, or by any means of a contemptible understanding: *Mais dun fort mauvais ton*!—He happens of late years to have been in a situation which has kept him chiefly in the country (no help to that same *mauvais ton*) but he has there often seen what is called good company: Arcon has just converted his old chariot into a very genteel post chaise, his little boy rides postilion with his hair tied behind, and his Valet de chambre attends in his flaxen wig, so that he is now quite as genteel as his neighbours; nay, he will tell you of several *lords* and *ladies* with whom he is very intimate; sometimes indeed he stumbles upon a name which is really the very reverse of a puff, but it's not his fault, he thinks it a considerable one: else, himself, I assure you, would have taken no great notice of the person. Talk to *Arcon*, or his Wife, (they are one flesh) about the fashions; he will dispute the cut of a sleeve, or the cock of a hat as strenuously as any one; happy if he had just seen for the first time some travelling mode, which being not above half worn out, was spick and span in his quarters! he has seen
French

French cookery too; you will never puzzle him with your *Fricandeaus* or your *Bouillis*; —he had once seen dishes that were *so called* at a friend's house: Arcon was invited to dine at a table that was really well-served in the French manner:—he ordered his equipage and went; and after all proper compliments and ceremonies they sat down to dinner. *Soup, hors doeuvres, entrees, rôti, and entremets*; Arcon looked a little queer: however, he saw his *Boulie*, asked for it and had it. The *petits patees* were at a distance; pray, my lord, says he, be so good as to help me to one of those *little tarts*; your lordship's *broth* was vastly good! he eat but little of the *rôti*, for unfortunately he hated bacon, and every thing was either *bardé* or *lardé*; he pleased himself however, and felt snug, in his observations upon a fowl at the upper end of the table sent up with—no sure—yes, he look'd again, and saw it peep from each side—with *grass* under it: for that he had never seen, nor would he forget it.—As soon as the *entremet* was served he observed with pleasure over against him a fine large *Crème au pistache*, and begged the gentleman who sat by it to send him a little of the *custard*.

What was it that made Arcon ridiculous? not his ignorance, but his pretensions to knowledge.

THE art of making yourself considerable in the great and gay world, is neither to be defined, nor learnt.

EVERY character is in some respects uniform and in others inconsistent, and it is only by the study of both, and a comparison of them with each other, that the knowledge of man is acquired.

THE great fault of the human understanding, is not the not going well, but the not stopping well.

MERON is a man of quality, and though young, has a considerable office in the government: he is member of parliament, and has often distinguished himself in it. He has——about three quarters of a good understanding and about—three quarters of an amiable disposition.——He is noble and generous, but he is not free from pride and ostentation: he is determined in his party, and resolute in his purpose; but then he is obstinate and overbearing; as a companion he is frank and agreeable; but he is supercilious and contemptuous to his inferiors; nay,

as he is not very exact, he sometimes mistakes those inferiors. He has certainly what may pass for eloquence, a fine choice of words, and an agreeable flow, but then he wants taste. His subjects are sometimes ill-chosen, and his eloquence ill-tim'd; Meron has been known to indulge this flow of elocution at social entertainments, which, though it may possibly come within the circle of taste and propriety in Britain, would certainly be thought every where else extremely absurd. The habit of political business and political speaking has encouraged him to *speech it* at dinners, at suppers; nay, where there were women as well as men: Then he will sometimes tell you one thing is *pre-mature*, another is what he won't *opiniâtre*, a third is something to which the parties will not *accede*. Then he is too apt—and that indeed is hardly consistent with the rest of his character, or within the circle of Britanic taste—He is too apt to be prolix on a trivial uninteresting subject. He is circumstantial—I had almost said pathetic—about the regulation of the last year's opera, or the less interesting concerns of a common acquaintance; Meron has these excellen-

cellencies, but he has also these imperfections: he seems to have made a discovery, I know not whether you will subscribe to it, but he seems to have found out, that the common opinion which places the beauty of conversation in *compressing* our thoughts is a vulgar error, and that, on the contrary, they should be *dilated* and *spun out*.

PENETRATION seems a kind of inspiration; it gives me an idea of prophecy.

ERROR is often nourished by good Sense.

HUMAN knowledge is the parent of doubt.

PLEASURE is the business of the young, business the pleasure of the old.

THE sense to conduct sense is worth every other part of it; for great abilities are more frequently possessed, than properly apply'd.

NOTHING so easy as to keep up an establish'd character of sense by conversation, nothing so difficult as to acquire one by it; at least a conversation superior to that which keeps it up, may not give it.

A lively and agreeable man of honour has not only the merit of those qualities in himself,

himself, but that also of awakening them in others.

IT is a melancholy consideration, that the difficulty of gaining reputation or riches, should be great in proportion to the want of them.

A man must be a fool indeed, if I think him one at the time he is applauding me.

THE oak which is generally considered as the king of trees, is that also which arrives latest at perfection; and perhaps in some sense the same observation may be true with respect to mankind.

POLYDORE and Craterus past their childhood together, and received, in every respect, the same education, and yet they came into the world with opposite characters. Polydore had what is called *bright parts*, which he neglected to use: Craterus had what is called *good solid sense* which he exerted with constant and unwearied diligence: Polydore had so lively a relish for pleasure, that his life was wasted in perpetual dissipation. Craterus had so much regard to the *main chance*, that he was never seduced to idleness or irregularity, but improved such talents

talents as he had to the utmost advantage. They both obtained seats in parliament almost as soon as they were of age, and Craterus attended at the house with so much punctuality, and so assiduously applied to the subject of every question, that he became almost a man of business the first year. But Polydore all this while neither knew, nor cared what was doing; he sometimes attended indeed in appearance, but his mind was absent, except in some sudden start of recollection, when he cursed the dull tedious debate that kept him from his pleasures. Thus Polydore with superior natural talents, always appeared inferior to Craterus, except in matters of taste, for in these his superiority appeared without an effort, it was the effect of nature, instant and spontaneous; but where a series of principles were to be traced, and connections discovered, Craterus had greatly the advantage; for though Polydore was more able he was less willing to apply, and the effect of mere indolence was sometimes mistaken for that of incapacity. Polydore was many years short of that maturity at which Craterus was arrived. Craterus was all he could ever be, Polydore in comparison

son of what he might be was as yet nothing: Polydore put one in mind of a high-bred pack of true vermin fox-hounds at the beginning of the season, which dashed, flew, and run riot nobody knows where, and had a spirit that twenty whippers-in could not restrain: Craterus, of a staunch pack of southerners, which were never off the true scent, but would eat, drink, and comply with all other calls of nature in the height of the chase, though fifty whippers-in should sweat in vain to get them forwards. Craterus one day told Polydore, that it was a shame for a member to know so little of the business of the house. Pooh—d—n it, says he, I tell you—you are *premature*.

PRAXITELES is one of those rare geniuses, which, like some plants, rise, bloom, and arrive at perfection almost at once, though they are of the first class. He had scarce entered the world as a man, before he made his way to the top of it; he took his seat in parliament, and he rose up an orator: Penetration supplied him with all the advantages which experience bestows upon others. Nature seemed to have animated

mated and adorned the wisdom of age with all the fire, the gayety, the lustre of youth, and thus to have produced a being of a new species. When he rose up to speak, all was silence and expectation; nor was this expectation ever disappointed. All the beauties of poetry, all the delicacy of sentiment, all the strength of reason, united in that torrent of eloquence, which, as it flowed with irresistible force, sparkled with unrivalled lustre, and was admired even by those who, having in vain opposed its course were in a moment borne down before it. If he was attacked, no matter by how many, he not only avoided the weapon of his adversaries, but turned the edge of it with double force upon themselves, always directing it with unerring skill to that part where it would most easily enter. It is, methinks, difficult to speak of Praxiteles without a metaphor, because common language can but ill express uncommon excellence; it may however be said, that Praxiteles has the art of uniting the elegance of a courtier and the accuracy of a scholar with the keenness of a disputant, and will pay the politest complement to the person, while he exposes the sophistry of the speaker.

speaker. Praxiteles has such command over elegance, grace, and taste, that he has been able to carry them even into a society of politicians, and to touch the breasts of those whose imaginations have wanted vigour to push them beyond the frozen virtues of industrious regularity, with something of that elevating delight, inspired by the striking superiority, which nice discernment and true taste can so ill define, and so well conceive. In a word, Praxiteles is in every respect, truly great: that ambition which is in some men so apparently a vice, was in him evidently a virtue. It was a principle implanted in him by nature, to place him in a conspicuous station that a work which did her honour might not be hid.

“——— she never told her love

“ But let concealment like a worm i'th' bud

“ Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought,

“ *And with a green and yellow melancholy*

“ She fate like *Patience* on a monument

“ Smiling at grief.———

How justly celebrated are these lines! and let me observe, that they prove a certain

tain elegance of thought, a certain delicate tenderness for which Shakespear has not, I think, been generally celebrated. Nothing surely can be more sentimental! and yet let me venture at an objection, where all the world seems hitherto only to have approved. Is there not something of a faulty image, something of a displeasing idea conveyed in that "green and yellow melancholy?" It may indeed represent sickness, and such sickness as was produced by the delicate love Shakespear describes; but yet, methinks, he rather lessens than increases our compassionate concern, by telling us so expressly, that the countenance of the sufferer was tinged with green and yellow. I fear it is natural for us to pity, not in exact proportion to feminine distress, but in proportion as we are struck with the beauty of the sufferer, and that our pity is always comparatively weak when we are disgusted with the object; this hue of countenance necessarily disgusts, and the idea of it is therefore incongruous to that tender, that almost amorous concern which the rest of the picture so forcibly

cibly excites ; I speak however with the utmost deference to the genius of Shakespear and the public judgment, by which this passage has been not only approved, but admired.

SWIFT observes that a reader does not fail to cry out, " that is clever, " that is sensible !" when he meets with exactly what he himself had thought ; yet he may in this case approve the opinion, not only because it is his own, but because the perfect agreement of two distant and unconnected minds has confirmed it.

WE have our days for being *in play* for sense, as we have for being *in play* for tennis or billards.

PEOPLE seldom speak ill of themselves, but when they have a good chance of being contradicted.

WIT gives confidence less than confidence gives wit.

I HAVE known men modest enough to allow they had not a great deal of sense, but I don't recollect to have seen any one of them

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give

give up an opinion of his own to that of a person whom he allowed had a great deal.

MANY men will reason and act *sensibly* on various occasions, and yet be even *absurd* in speculation and practice, with respect to things extremely plain, which happen to lie out of their way: as musical clocks will play such a number of tunes, and difficult ones too, but not one beyond them.

FOGRAMO is a kind of philosopher, a mathematician, a chymist, a man of letters in short, and a deep reasoner; he has had more than one literary dispute, and always with success; he utterly despises and disregards trifles; and of all trifles, he very justly thinks that dress is the greatest: however, he naturally falls into what is suitable and proper, and has a certain dignity: his clothes therefore are always black, and his wigs white; but once made, he scarcely remembers that he possesses any such things, and he puts them on purely from its being necessary that he should. Fogramo wanted to move his person from one part of the island to another; on what account I never learnt, but on some important one you may
be

be sure : he was told of the late invention of *post-chays*, of their great expedition, convenience, and cheapness, provided one could get a fellow-traveller ; and that to effect this one only need to advertise for a *post-chay* companion. Fogramo approved of all this, and did it ; Jack Flash was in a certain coffee-house near the *garden*, and read the Advertisement : he wanted to go to the same place at the same time, cash was short, he was in a hurry, so, *d——n him*, he was his Man : the travellers met according to appointment, and after some admiration of each other, and some swearing from Jack about the horses and the tackle, Fogramo freely and *sans ceremonie*, got into the chaise and placed himself commodiously in about the middle of it. Jack claps one hand on the ostler's shoulder, and the other on the top of the wheel, and brushes in after him ; having but little room, he bustles and bestirs himself *a few*, and Fogramo mechanically, as it were, retired into his corner. Off they go, most prodigiously fast, according to Fogramo, and according to Flash, doctors differ, damnably slow. One began to swear, the other to groan, too politely

however to be troublesome, for however each jolt might affect Fogramo he resolved not to vent his displeasure: but he began to reflect on the scheme he had undertaken, and to doubt somewhat of the charms of a *post-chay*, still with the utmost politeness and attention to his companion, is not that indeed regarding one's self? Fogramo, however, *who was a rational and consequential person*, had observed that the *young gentleman* had carried all before him, and shewn peculiar knowledge and understanding about the chaise, horses, harness, and all their appurtenances, and doubted not but he was *a man of the world: captain*, says he, you seem to *know the world* very well: yes, sir, a little, I know men a little, but nothing to my knowledge of women: but there's nothing in that, for to be sure there I have had some experience; some experience! why sure *captain*, you can't have been married more than once? Jack went off so loud and so very nonsensically, that Fogramo *who was a rational and consequential person*, began to recover his original idea of Jack, and sat up very tight in his corner. Jack hummed a little and fell fast

asleep, a thing he had not done in the last twenty-four hours; his sleep was as profound, as his waking had been turbulent; as the deadeft calm follows the most furious storm: Fogramo, though broad awake, was soon no more conscious of his *chay* situation, than his companion; sometimes he was in the sky amongst the planets and suns, sometimes in the earth amongst minerals and fossils, sometimes in the sea with monsters and wrecks; at length however, Fogramo began to awake out of his dream by an accident, and though Jack continued in his, yet he made many wry faces; the chaise bump'd continually against the side quarter, and Fogramo was surprized to find his jolts renewed upon him with greater force than ever; the road was not stony, and he could not conceive the meaning of it: he looked about him, out of the window, within the window; but the solving twenty problems was nothing, compared to his difficulty of discovering the *cause* of these repeated jolts and knocks, it was——*out of his way*; at length they jolted his friend Jack broad awake, and looking out of the window, “d——n your body, says

“ he, where did you learn your road-
 “ work, boy ? d—n ye, where are your eyes
 “ you dog ? why a’nt they in your poll
 “ by g—d ? ca’nt you see, d—n ye, that
 “ your near horse don’t draw an ounce ?
 “ pull the *chay* over, do ye blood of a
 “ b——ch !” Would you believe it ? Jack,
 contrary to all expectation and desire, was
 literally obeyed. The poor boy, frightened
 at the captain’s swearing, whipped up the
off instead of the *near* horse, and actually
 overturned the *chay*. Poor Fogramo’s
 head, ornamented with a bloody nose, ap-
 peared at the window of the chaise, and the
 boy helped him, all trembling, to climb out
 at it, whilst Jack was sinking and cursing
 under him ; but he soon, red with choler,
 climbed after, and the moment he got on his
 legs, was going to fall on the post-boy ; but
 luckily for him, some back chaise-horses came
 by at the critical minute, and he run from
 Flash immediately, got upon one of them,
 and rode for it with his fellow post-boy,
 leaving the travellers to settle the *cause* of
 their misfortunes on the high road.

SOME men are blamed and sought after by
 every body, some commended and shun’d by
 every

every body; may I not ask, whether it is the blame or the praise that is most eligible?

THE man of humour, the droll, he who enchants the whole listening circle with the spirit and fire of his wit, if another who excels him in the same way is introduced into the company, will not only appear less, but be shrunk into nothing: Thus if you let the beams of the sun into your room they put your fire out.

SOME chance event to the man, will sometimes carry a conviction that was refused to the demonstration of his arguments; nay, will produce a conviction which his arguments did not deserve,

YOU think the time long past since a benevolent genii could be found to form a talisman that would not only give importance, wit, and agreeableness to the possessor, but so fascinate other people, that they should fancy every advantage greater than it was, and give him credit for twenty more to which he had no right? Do not however conclude too hastily: Gnatho no longer ago than last spring became possess'd of this talis-

man, nay I'm serious, he inherited ten thousand a year.

THE *Use* of conversation is the perceiving, perhaps adopting, the ideas of others; the *End*, the displaying our own.

VIRTUE pleases more as nature than as virtue; but let me add, that virtue is the first beauty of nature.

PHORBAS is possess'd of almost every good quality; he is rational, impartial, and consequential, even to self-condemnation. It is a rule with Phorbas to do always what is right; he is virtuous, he is so from principle, and he is universally approv'd. Phormio is noble, is gentle, is generous; he possesses every amiable virtue, but he is so far from being conscious of any, or reflecting upon them as virtues, that he practises them only as the means of happiness, and they are so far from being the effect of labor or restraint, that he would suffer if he ever deviated from them: his virtues therefore have a certain freedom; a certain elegance, an inexpressible charm of nature about them, which to be admir'd needs only to be seen. He joins to the greatest contempt of money,

the

the greatest contempt of profusion, which so often goes hand in hand with rapacity ; nay what would be profusion in another, is generosity and propriety in Phormio ; common rules are not the guides of uncommon natures : Phormio loves pleasure, he understands it, he was formed for it, he enjoys it, and he inspires it : coldness and insensibility, corrupt selfishness and licentious depravity, he compels at once to perceive, to taste, and to approve, the pure, the exalted, the refin'd delight of which before they had neither relish nor conception. Vice on the one side, and vice on the other side, is ashamed of its own deformity. How amiable is Phormio ! in his person manly yet soft, and expressive ; in his manners modest, yet full of taste and fire ; in his disposition never weak, yet full of sensibility : understanding, enjoying, extracting the essence, the quintessence of pleasure from every object of pleasure, yet deriving still more from the sacrifice of it all to another. Is his friend in distress ? he will with pleasure give up his purse to relieve him. In danger ? he will with still more pleasure expose his person to defend him. How lovely ! how striking !
and

and let me add, that Phormio is not only judicious and sensible, but judicious and sensible in the highest degree; the same principle that led his taste to the precision of every pleasure, seems to have directed his understanding to that of every truth and every elegance. Thus was Phormio happily form'd, as if nature had for once infus'd a superior spirit to shew man the amiableness and the felicity of that virtue which is her own gift. Phorbas look'd up to Phormio and saw that he was made to be virtuous, and could not be otherwise; he saw this, and however upright his heart, he could not but feel its inferiority compared with that of Phormio: he was just, but he had never felt the transport of being more than just; he disdain'd to do wrong, but he understood not the endearments of delicacy, the minute refinements of generosity, of doing that which is sublimely right. It is true indeed that he studied, he anticipated the wishes of his friend, and gratified them to his own inconvenience, but he did not *enjoy* the virtue; his natural bent directed him not to it, he was not proportionably happy, nor did others proportionably approve. Phorbas was vir-
tuous

tuous from reason and reflection; Phormio from nature, and elevation of soul; the virtue of Phorbas was most meritorious, the virtue of Phormio most endearing.

WE confess our faults in the plural, and deny them in the singular.

THE great comfort of mankind is society; but it seems as if neither the *first* men of the world nor the *last* were the best calculated to enjoy it. The two polar regions of the globe are fabled to be inhabited, one by giants, the other by pigmies, and both are most uncomfortable climates: the intermediate regions are inhabited by middle siz'd men, and those are the happy countries.

IT is a ludicrous kind of thought, yet certainly a true one, that poets and painters have hitherto given us a false representation of Time, as the measure of duration, by drawing him an old man; they should paint him middle-aged; for if he *has* always existed, *will* he not always exist? and is not every point of duration, however distant from the present, equally the *middle* of eternity?

A FOOL has often the contrivance of a man of sense, and a man of sense the prejudice of a fool.

WHAT nice distinctions are to be made in the characters of mankind ! contempt for money and profusion, have the same line of separation between them that virtue and vice have.

SOME men mistake talking about sense, for talking sense.

ONE has sometimes seen at a masquerade an agreeable mask, which in spite of ones knowing it was a mask, has commanded one's attention the whole night ; may not this happen too in the great masquerade of the world ?

THE general harmony of the physical world is maintained by a particular quality in each body, by which it attracts every thing to its own centre ; it is exactly the same in the moral.

EVEN justice itself is sometimes offensive to the generous and delicate mind.

SOME men are seldom out of humour because they are seldom in humour.

WE

WE do not often I fear commend a man; but for an apology to find fault with him; but we seldom indeed find fault with ourselves, but for an apology to commend ourselves.

MANY men would have more wisdom if they had less wit.

THE desire to please often frustrates itself; but in this case the desire to please will generally be found to proceed rather from a selfish than a social motive.

WE are often governed by people not only weaker than ourselves, but even whom we think so.

I SEE many minds which are, if I may be allowed the figure, well seated, but I see hardly any that have any elbow-room.

THE senses feed sentiment, and sentiment the senses.

WE are not slow at discovering the selfishness of others for this plain reason, because it clashes with our own: as to the falshood of others, the case is extreamly different, for there nothing but the mere
love

love of truth can encourage the detection. Let us not then be surprized to see so much less falshood discovered than selfishness.

MAN is said to be a *rational creature*, but should it not rather be said, that man is a *creature capable of being rational*, as we say a parrot is a *creature capable of speech*.

SOME men do by their sense, as farmers in the market by their corn, pass off a good deal of bad by the help of a little good.

WE laugh heartily to see a whole flock of sheep jump because one did so; might not one imagine that superior beings do the same by us, and for exactly the same reason?

THERE are few men but have more cunning than we suspect them of, and less than they suspect themselves of.

How cunning, how clever was I! says Paon to himself, the moment he returned home from the company he had been with. D—n it, says he, they must not think I am a dupe. I can see pretty well how things go; I think I flung out there—aye, I did Illyrius's business.—Gad, I am a charming clever

clever fellow!—Alas, poor Paon! how little dost thou think that each man said pretty much the same thing to himself before he went to sleep.—And possibly you did give it Illyrius, but if you did, he or somebody else gave it you. There is, my poor Paon, an eternal reciprocation of those smart clever blows, and it is part of each man's business to persuade himself that he gives *all* and receives *none*.

IF it be granted that our ideas of the same things may be extremely different at different times and places, who shall decide at which they are just and true?

WE are oftner deceived by being told some truth than no truth.

THERE are faults which as they become greater displease less.

Is that young Eschylus coming down * Fops-alley? No sure; yes it is: it is his figure; and yet it is not his air; yes faith, now he is nearer I see it is Eschylus. But, heavens! what a metamorphoses! let any thing but—*himself be his parallel!*—poor boy! it was but last year, so humble, so

* A place in the opera house.

modest,

modest, so condescending! and how glad was one to encourage him! and can a few fleeting moons then have made so great an alteration? my dear Eschylus, I am hurt,—I mean for you——what don't you know me? my dear Eschylus!—you have got a touch of the *qui vive* too, have you not? I must not laugh; but yet the thing diverts me, I want to laugh: What! a puppy! bow to the countess too!——well faith, I shall laugh: why you are not perfect, you cock your chin, and look about you, and make the agreeable,—very disagreeably! depend upon it, if you don't play the monkey *better*, you will be——very ridiculous!

HA! there he is; observe Dorimon, young Eschylus; he does it with a swing!—Dorimon is something like a coxcomb; why, he would beat you *under his leg*;—Yes, Dorimon, you make me laugh, but I love to laugh with you Dorimon. My dear Dorimon! will you sit by me? *tant mieux!* Tell me then, thou happy Dog! how many this last week? ha, only one countess; ay, you are discreet; come, the kept mistresses,
you

you *may* own them; faith I won't divulge: well, I'll keep the secret; and really that's a vast number for one week. Look, Eschylus, see how easy it sits upon him! look at his cloaths too, they are not *too fine*, and they fit well upon him; nor is my friend afraid of rumpling them or himself. Yes, Dorimon *is* a coxcomb! and, believe me, Eschylus, there are faults which displease even from being *incompleat*.

You would know how a man talks to judge of his understanding; and yet, possibly, however great the paradox, the very contrary method might be less fallible; the knowing how he hears might shew it you much better: there is a kind of mechanical flow belonging to a man's conversation, which, when *put in motion*, goes perhaps roundly, and ingeniously, and yet seems, sometimes, less the operation of reason than habit: he may at the same time be destitute of the faculty of dividing, weighing, distinguishing, and judging: *bearing* then, may, perhaps, be more the test of sense than *speaking*.

How stupid is young Theocles! he was with us an hour, and whilst Cleon, the
D other

other young man his companion, entertained us with a great deal of sensible conversation, he had not one word to say for himself; he will surely make a bad figure in the world; he can have no parts: thus was I told by every one present, nor did I contradict it; and yet, as to myself, how differently did I think! Theocles, I observ'd, did not once fail expressing in his countenance, that he understood and tasted every thing that was said, Cleon never: he attended to nothing but what he himself utter'd: that was a superficial flow, a something, a nothing, yet all that it could ever be; incapable of increase or improvement. Theocles on the contrary, with ten times the qualifications for talking, thought he had too few to expose his sentiments amongst those which his amiable prejudice esteemed so much superior to his own. Theocles was diffident for the same reason that lambs are playful; the cause was nature and propriety: I saw him smile with a delicate approbation of sentiment, at an account of generosity and love; I saw him smile with scorn and indignation at a story of meanness and dishonour; I saw his eyes animated, and his features glow

glow at an account of spirit and gallantry: and Cleon all this time alter'd not a muscle of his face. As soon as he had an opportunity he told his own story indeed properly and without confusion: Theocles told no story, he had not a word to offer.— what a difference!

EVERY man loves virtue better than vice; but then he loves himself better than either, and *in his own way*.

THE best judges of pleasure, are the best judges of virtue.

COMPLAINT against fortune, is often a mask'd apology for indolence.

SOME men put me in mind of half-bred horses, which often grow worse in proportion as you feed and exercise them for improvement.

THE more perfect the nature, the more weak, the more wrong, the more absurd, may be something in a character; to explain the paradox, if a mind is delicate and susceptible, false impressions in education will have a bad effect in proportion to that susceptibility, and, consequently, may pro-

duce an evil, which a stupid and insensible nature might have avoided.—What a lesson to those who have the charge of education !

WE often reject the dictates of reason, even when they are in favour of self-love.

A ROGUE who fears to be taken up, will mechanically slip to a corner and get out of the way when he is not in the least danger; and many of the curious schemes of cunning, proceed from much the same principle, and have much the same use.

IT is from a beauty, a perfection of nature, that we are affected and grieved at a particular event or fault in ourselves or others; without that beauty or perfection it might have pass'd by as a wind, a nothing; —painful preeminence !

DISAGREEABLE qualities are often heighten'd by restraint, as the power of a spring is increas'd by drawing it back.

HE that sees ever so accurately, ever so finely into the motives of other people's acting, may possibly be entirely ignorant as to his own : it is by the mental as the corporal eye, the object may be placed too near
the

the fight to be seen truly as well as too far off; nay too near to be seen at all.

I PITY a king that is not vain, I envy one that is.

As love will often make a wife man act like a fool, so will interest often make a fool act like a wife man.

AFTER having found a man rational and agreeable, in many different instances, we are surprized to find him quite otherwise in *some one* which we had not touched upon: you may, if you please, have your harpsichord tuned in such a manner as to have several keys in perfect tune, but then you must have *some one* horridly discordant; the instrument is imperfect, and the discord must be thrown *somewhere*. May not man be such a sort of instrument?

WE often see characters in the world, which we should call ridiculously extravagant in a book.

UNJUST accusations seldom affect us much, but from having *some* justice in them.

WITHOUT content we shall find it almost as difficult to please others as ourselves.

OF two players at tennis a good judge may prefer the play of the worst; of two colts who run together, a discerning jockey may think the beaten one the most eligible; and of two understandings a penetrating man may see that the inferior one in present, is likely to become the superior in future.

REMEDIES for the mind, as well as the body, are often disgustful in proportion as they are salutary.

IT seems as if some men were allowed merit, as beggars are relieved with money, merely from having made people weary of refusing.

MEN and statues that are admired in an elevated situation, have a very different effect upon us when we approach them, the first appear less than we imagined them, the last bigger.

MODESTY in women, say some shrewd philosophers, is not *natural*; it is artificial
and

and acquired, but what then, and to what end, is that *natural* taste, that delicate sensation, that approbation of it in man?

THE union of characters seems to have much the same sort of law as the union of sounds, the same note makes *good* concord, but a quite different one *much better*.

THERE are things which we are in doubt whether to call very good or very bad, tho' we are sure they are one or the other. As great wit is nearly allied to madness, * so there is but a very narrow bound between the utmost excursions of wit, and the first fallies of frenzy. When Milton talks of *visible darkness*; of *prodigies* produced by *nature*; of *death* that *lives*, of *life* that *dies*; we know that he has reached the last verge of propriety, and we are apt to doubt whether he has not passed it. So when Pope supposes Newton to be shewn by angels, as a

* "Great wits to madness sure are near ally'd,

"And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

DRYDEN.

monkey is by men, our taste is as much in doubt about his propriety, as our judgment is about that of Milton.

THERE is often in women something of a pleasurable sensibility, which, though very attractive, in its infancy, yet as it increases necessarily degenerates into something which has quite a contrary effect; such women are like some fruits best *before* they are ripe.

POLITICS is the food of sense expos'd to the hunger of folly.

THE Great see the world at one end by flattery, the Little at the other end by neglect; the meanness which both discover is the same, but how different alas! are the mediums thro' which it is seen?

PEOPLE oftner want something to be *taken away* to make them agreeable, than something to be *added*.

COMPARISON is the greatest cheat, and yet often the greatest friend to mankind.

OUR companions please us less from the charms we find in their conversation, than from those they find in ours.

WHEN

WHEN real nobleness accompanies that imaginary one of birth, the imaginary seems to mix with the real, and becomes real too.

ASK the man of adversity how other men act towards him, ask those others how he acts towards them; adversity is the true touch-stone of merit in both; happy if it does not produce the dishonesty of meanness in one, and that of insolence and pride in the other!

WE do not always like people the better for paying us *all* the court which we ourselves think our due.

THERE is sometimes, let it be granted, a very satisfactory sensation in preferring our own pleasure to that of another: it is surpass'd by none in the world, except that of preferring the pleasure of another to our own.

ONE is methinks tempted to believe of certain men that they imagine giving pleasure to be like giving money, and that the very portion of it they afford to others must necessarily

necessarily be taken away from themselves.

EVEN affectation is natural, if I may so express myself, to some men, and therefore pleasing.

A person asserts a thing is good or bad true or false, saying *he knows it to be so*; but how proper would it generally be for him first to prove himself a *competent judge*!

WE sometimes think we have discovered a new truth that lay very deep, when perhaps we have only a lively sense of something, which others feel in a less degree.

SCHOLARSHIP, or if you will, learning, is perpetually rung in my ears as the *summum bonum*, the one thing necessary to man; to say of a person that he is a good scholar, seems to imply every kind of superiority, to say he is no scholar just the contrary. But I confess, that after much reflection and much enquiry, I am yet at a loss to comprehend this mighty advantage of scholarship; some advantage to be sure it has, but perhaps not to minds of the first class; it sometimes pre-
vents

vents the excursions of a vigorous understanding by keeping it in a beaten track: It perpetuates error by imposing received opinions upon those who, if they had begun the enquiry, would have discovered truth; it divides the attention, and sometimes fixes it to subjects which are not suited to that particular genius and turn of mind which nature would have exerted upon some other, the object of her own choice, with infinite advantage: by loading the memory it restrains imagination, and by multiplying precepts it anticipates the judgment. Give me the man whose knowledge is deriv'd from the copious source of his own reason, whose mind is fill'd with ideas that sprung not from books but thought; whose principles are consistent because deduced in a regular series from each other, and not scraps of different systems gleaned from the works of others, and huddled together without examining their incongruity: where is the scholar whose opinion is entirely his own? and where is the genius whom we wish to have known he opinions of others? are we sure that Shakespear would have been the wonder he was, had he been a *deep scholar*!——

OH

Oh clever! and in a man of fashion too! Gyges will quote you from Virgil and Horace, *in Latin*, till you stare again!— Its true, that he is awkwardly dress'd; that he lives ill, and above all, that he generally takes the false side of the question; *but he will quote, ye gods! how he will quote!*

MELISSA has not much *common*, but a great deal of *uncommon*, or if you will, *out of the way* sense. She understands latin, has written much verse, has read a good deal of history, and a great deal of metaphysics; she is a zealous enemy of superstition and priestcraft, and holds Moses and all such people extremely cheap: Melissa will sport a subject with you willingly; and if you talk more upon it than she, I had almost said better, I am not a little mistaken: her words flow with such easy volubility, that certainly if you have any taste Melissa will attract your attention, possibly your admiration; but then you must not turn the stream, you must not put her mind out of its course, for the road once lost she will wander farther and farther from it in endless

perplexity ; she goes on where she sees the track, but never yet asked herself whither it would lead her : she talks not from sentiment but from memory, and a kind of instinct, so that though what she says is rational, yet she has not herself deduced it from reason. The regular dependance of one principle upon another is what she least regards, and she is therefore so inconsistent that often has Melissa disputed powerfully, nay self-persuasively on Monday on one side, and on Tuesday on the other. In her discourses too, she considers herself much more than the person she speaks to, and therefore she often tells a sentimental story to a civil listening country farmer, and some cant joke of one society to a member of another. As to others, indeed, Melissa thinks little about them, and be you a celebrated author, a man of sense, a blockhead, a coxcomb, or a pedant, she equally attends to you and to herself : Minuties she little regards, she is not one of those prying mortals who from a word, a motion, or look, will catch the ideas or designs of another, and though very knowing in theory, yet as she
the

knows theory only by rote, she is often extremely ignorant in the practice of the very theory she is so well acquainted with. Melissa rather likes than despises dress, and there too her disregard of Minuties taste and connection manifests itself: she has been known to change her shoes in the morning without changing the buckles, and so wear her shoes a whole day with the two straps pointing towards each other, nor does she care how they fit to her feet, or how or of what they are made: her ribbands too are either left to the choice of her maid, or else perhaps oddly chosen by herself; and when she has put on a rich gown which required one kind of assortment, she has been known totally to spoil its effect by another. With Melissa, in short, you must distinguish between a love for dress, and a taste for dress. But has not nature, when she gave such flying agility to the roe, refused him the strength of the lion? why then may not Corinna possess those feminine graces which are refused to Melissa? Corinna was one day so much admired in the presence of Melissa for the becoming elegance of her cloaths, that Melissa ordered the very same for herself, and yet, strange consequence! no one admired

admired them at all upon her : she proved, that it is the person which adorns the dress, not the dress the person. Corinna pulls her hair about with her fingers for two minutes, and no head is so well coiffed : Melissa sits sometimes two hours to her *Accomodeur*, and few appear worse. Melissa, in short, fixes her chief attention on *your great objects* ; Corinna, on the graceful ones. With Melissa and Corinna you have your choice——as your taste happens to be——between a lady of——*masculine knowledge*, or——*feminine ignorance*.

CAMILLA is really what writers have so often imagined, or rather she possesses a combination of delicacies, which they have seldom had minuteness of virtue and taste enough to conceive ; to say she is beautiful, she is accomplish'd, she is generous, she is tender, is talking in general, and it is the particular I would describe. In her person she is almost tall and almost thin ; graceful, commanding, and inspiring a kind of tender respect ; the tone of her voice is melodious, and she can neither look nor move without expressing something to her advantage :
possessed

possessed of almost every excellence she is unconscious of any, and thus heightens them all : she is modest and diffident of her own opinion, yet always perfectly comprehends the subject on which she gives it, and sees the question in its true light : she has neither pride, prejudice nor precipitancy to misguide her ; she is true, and therefore judges truly. If there are subjects too intricate, too complicated for the feminine simplicity of her soul, her ignorance of them, serves only to display a new beauty in her character which results from her acknowledging, nay, perhaps from her possessing that very ignorance. The great characteristic of Camilla's understanding is taste ; but when she says most upon a subject she still shews that she has much more to say, and by this unwillingness to triumph she persuades the more. With the most refined sentiment she possesses the softest sensibility, and it lives and speaks in every feature of her face. Is Camilla melancholy ? does she sigh ? every body is affected. They enquire whether any misfortune has happened to Camilla ; they find that she sighed for the misfortune of another,

other, and they are affected still more. Young, lovely, and high born, Camilla graces every company, and heightens the brilliancy of courts; wherever she appears all others seem by a natural impulse to feel her superiority; and yet when she converses she has the art of inspiring others with an ease which they never knew before: she joins to the most scrupulous politeness the most chearful gaiety, free both from restraint and boldness; always gentle, yet never inferior; always unassuming, yet never ashamed or awkward; for shame and awkwardness are the effects of pride, which is too often miscalled modesty; nay to the most critical discernment she adds something of a blushing timidity which serves but to give a meaning and piquancy even to her looks, and admirable effect of true superiority! by this silent unassuming merit, she over-awes the turbulent and the proud, and stops the torrent of that indecent, that overbearing noise with which inferior natures in superior stations overwhelm the slavish and the mean. Yes, all admire and love and reverence Camilla.

E

You

You see a character that you admire, and you think it perfect; do you therefore conclude that every different character is imperfect? what, will you allow a variety of beauty almost equally striking in the art of a Corregio, a Guido, and a Raphael, and refuse it to the infinity of nature! how different from lovely Camilla is the beloved Flora! in Camilla, nature has display'd the beauty of exact regularity, and the elegant softness of female propriety. In Flora, she charms with a certain artless poignancy, a graceful negligence, and an uncontrolled yet blameless freedom. Flora has something original and peculiar about her, a charm which is not easily defined; to know her and to love her is the same thing, but you cannot know her by description. Her person is rather touching than majestic, her features more expressive than regular, and her manner pleases rather because it is restrained by no rule, than because it is conformable to any that custom has established. Camilla puts you in mind of the most perfect music that can be composed; Flora, of the wild sweetness which is sometimes produced by the irregular play of the breeze upon

the Æolian harp. Camilla reminds you of a lovely young queen: Flora, of her more lovely maid of honour. In Camilla you admire the decency of the Graces; in Flora, the attractive sweetness of the Loves. Artless sensibility, wild native feminine gayety, and the most touching tenderness of soul, are the strange characteristics of Flora. Her countenance glows with youthful beauty, which all art seems rather to diminish than increase, rather to hide than adorn: and while Camilla charms you with the choice of her dress, Flora enchants you by the neglect of hers. Thus different are the beauties which nature has manifested in Camilla and Flora! yet while she has, in this contrariety shewn the extent of her power to please, she has also proved, that truth and virtue are always the same. Generosity and tenderness are the first principles in the minds of both favourites, and were never possessed in an higher degree than they are possessed by Flora; she is just as attentive to the interest of others as she is negligent of her own, and though she could submit to any misfortune that could befall herself, yet she hardly knows how to bear the misfortunes

another. Thus does Flora unite the strongest sensibility and the most lively gayety, and both are expressed with the most bewitching mixture in her countenance. While Camilla inspires a reverence that keeps you at a respectful yet admiring distance, Flora excites the most ardent yet elegant desire: Camilla reminds you of the dignity of Diana, Flora of the attractive sensibility of Calisto: Camilla almost elevates you to the sensibility of angels, Flora delights you with the loveliest idea of woman.

THE bad side of poverty is not the want of money for ourselves, but for other people, for how trifling is the mortification of self-denial, compared to that of being obliged to the ungenerous, or disappointing the worthy? and how can either be avoided by the indigent and generous man?

WE are forward in our offers of service that are of no consequence, in proportion as we are backward in those that are.

As we generally overlook every weak thing a man of superior understanding says, so we do every strong one that a man of inferior understanding happens to say.

WHAT a Reflection? and if true, who of us is safe? the very disposition of mind which is the cause of any particular wrong thinking, is also an indisposition, I will not say an incapacity, to correct it.

IT is odds but he who is not duped at *coming* into the world has a touch of the knave in his character, as it is odds but he who is duped *when he is* in the world, has a touch of the fool.

WOULD you see Pylades and Orestes, those sworn friends and companions of antiquity revived?—I will shew you a modern Pylades and Orestes, and, if you are serious, you will honour the sublimity of modern friendship. One of these friends, I mean of the moderns, is a lord, the other writes himself *gent*. My lord Pylades is affluent, not inaccessible, and a joker: Gent. Orestes is poor, complying, and—most willingly—a butt. See then what rare harmony these two instruments make together.—His lordship would be sorry not to have his dearest friend at any one of the great dinners which he often gives to his fellow-nobles.

nobles and others; and the *gentleman* would be as sorry not to assist at the ceremony, not to heighten the mirth, not to give himself for fuel to the fire of his patron's wit. One day lord Pylades cracked some joke, and laughed most heartily at it; *gentleman* Orestes immediately laughed as much to the full: the person who sat next him not having heard what was said, asked him what they laughed at. I don't know, said Orestes, I laughed because my lord laughed. *Idem velle atque idem nolle cademum* is Orestes's motto; arms, paternal arms, he happened not to have, so he chose his own, and this is his motto. Says Pylades, that Orestes is an honest poor devil; there is not much in him--but he is an honest poor creature; I am really fond of him; now and then I'm a little hard upon him. I love joking, but I really mean him no harm, he knows he is welcome to every thing I have. Orestes says very much the same thing; his lordship makes a little free with him, cuts his joke upon him, bids him open the door, shut the door, hold his tongue, and takes twenty such little freedoms, but he esteems it an honour and a pleasure to oblige

oblige his friend ; what ! have scruples with one's friend ! his generosity is above it. Orestes, says Pylades, you are not angry with me for those jokes I cut upon you yesterday, are you ? not at all my lord. Ay, you know I mean no harm, but you're a good creature : what have you been so kind as to get in those rents for me ? yes, my lord. And paid away that money for me ? yes, my lord. Well, Orestes, thou art an honest fellow, and a good friend to me, that's the truth of the matter.

OF how little credit to you will be the proof, that you *would have done* a very clever thing but from an accident having intervened in your disfavour, compared to the demonstration of your *having done* a clever thing from an accident which intervened in your favour.

SURELY no man can reflect without wonder upon the vicissitudes of human life arising from causes in the highest degree accidental and trifling : if you trace the necessary concatenation of human events a very little way back, you may perhaps discover that a person's very going in, or out

of a door, has been the means of colouring with misery or happiness the remaining current of his life. It was possibly some circumstance equally trifling, that thus totally varied the Dispositions of Castalio and Demetrius. Castalio and Demetrius were two young noblemen whom birth, family connection, and above all, sympathy of souls, had united in the most endearing intimacy: they had run together hand in hand through part of that sometimes delicious period, youth: that period in which irregularities have appeared beauties, nay, have even extorted, from the very formalists who condemned them, the involuntary, and therefore most convincing smile of approbation. See how every rapture of Castalio's soul was exchanged for disgust, regret and despair! thus did he pour forth the sorrowful Effusions of his heart.

Ah!

Ah! what avails the length'ning mead,
 By nature's kindest bounty spread,
 Along the vale of flow'rs!
 Ah! what avails the darkning grove,
 Or Philomel's melodious love,
 That glads the midnight hours!

For me, alas! the god of day,
 Ne'er glitters on the hawthorn spray,
 Nor night her comfort brings;
 I have no pleasure in the rose,
 For me no vernal beauty blows,
 Nor Philomela sings.

See how the sturdy peasants stride
 Adown yon hillock's verdant side,
 In chearful ign'rance blest!
 Alike to them the rose or thorn;
 Alike arises ev'ry morn,
 By gay contentment dress'd.

Content, fair daughter of the skies,
 Or gives spontaneous, or denies,
 Her choice divinely free;
 She visits oft the hamlet cot,
 When want and sorrow are the lot
 Of avarice——or me!

But

But see—or is it fancy's dream?
 Methought a bright celestial gleam,
 Shot sudden through the groves;—
 Behold, behold, in loose array,
 Euphrosyne more bright than day,
 More mild than paphian doves!

Welcome, oh! welcome pleasure's queen!
 And see along the velvet green,
 The jocund train advance;
 With scatter'd flow'rs they fill the air,
 The wood-nymph's dew-bespangled hair
 Plays in the sportive dance.

Ah baneful grant of angry heav'n,
 When to the feeling wretch is giv'n,
 A soul alive to joy!
 Joys fly with ev'ry hour away,
 And leave th' unguarded heart a prey,
 To cares that peace destroy.

And see, with visionary haste,
 Too soon!—the gay delusion past!
 Reality remains:
 Despair has seiz'd my captive soul,
 And horror drives without controul,
 And slackens still the reins.

Ten thousand beauties round me throng :

What beauties, say ye Nine ! belong

To the distemper'd soul ?

I see the lawn of hideous dye,

The tow'ring elm nods misery,

With groans the waters roll.

Ye gilded roofs, palladian domes,

Ye vivid tints of Persia's looms,

Ye were for mis'ry made ;——

'Twas thus the man of sorrow spoke ;

His wayward step then pensive took,

Along th' unhallow'd shade.

And hear the jovial philosophy, the spirit,
the rapture of young Demetrius : thus did
his glad heart vent its joyful soliloquy.

Yes, to the sages be it told,

However great, or wise, or old,——

Fair pleasure's my pursuit ;

For her I breathe the joyful day,

For her through nature's wilds I stray,

And cull the flow'rs and fruit.

Sweep

Sweep, sweep the lute's enchanting string,
And all thy sweets lov'd lux'ry bring!

“ T' enjoy is to obey ;”

The heav'nly mandate still prevail,
And let each unwise wretch bewail,
The dire, neglected day;

Ah ! graceless wretch ! to disobey,
And devious quit the flow'ry way,
And slight the gods decree !
Still, still, ye gods, the blessings send !
If e'er my guilty hands offend,
Indeed my heart is free.

In pleasure's ray see nature shine,
How dull, alas ! at wisdom's shrine !

“ 'Tis folly to be wise ;
Collusive term, poor vain pretence,
Enjoyment sure is real sense
In philosophic eyes.

I love the carol of the hound,
Enraptur'd on the living ground
In dashing ecstasy ;
I love the aukward courser's stride,
The courser that has been *well-try'd*,
And with him eager fly.

And

And yes, I love, ye sneering wife,——
 Fair honour, spurning still at lies,
 As courting liberty ;
 Still hand in hand great nature goes,
 With joys to honour never foes,
 And all those joys are free.

And welcome thrice to British land,
 From Italy's voluptuous strand,
 Ye destin'd men of art ;
 Breathe on the thrilling meaning sound,
 Each grace shall still be faithful found,
 At your admirer's heart.

Avert, ye gods ! that curse of fools,
 The pride of theoretic rules ;
 That dupery of sense :
 I ne'er refuse the proffer'd joy,
 With ev'ry good---that can annoy---
 Most easily dispense.

I catch each rapture as it flies,
 Each happy loss a gain supplies,
 And boon still follows boon :
 The smile of beauty gilds my day,
 Regardless of her frowns I stray ;——
 Thus through my hours I run !

But

But let me not for idle rhyme,
Neglect, ungrateful, good old time :

Dear watch ! thou art obey'd :

'Twas thus the man of pleasure spoke,

His jovial step then careless took

To Cælia——or her maid.

WHEN we say such a man has spirit, I should like to hear *some* devout persons give a definition of the word.

THERE is, amongst friends, a neglect that is flattering, and an attention that is mortifying.

IF you have a great deal of taste for a particular subject, you may do very well with a person who has *no taste at all*, but there is no doing with one who has a *little taste* for it.

THERE is a certain author who produces perpetual paradoxes in my mind ; I am at a loss to decide whether he charms or offends me most, whether to call him the *first* of writers or the *last* : and this one would think a difficulty likewise with other people, for he has written what has had merit enough
to

to get into all hands, and defect enough to be flung out of all. It is his great praise, his honour, that he is condemned by sensible men, and applauded by weak women; for the first are often as ignorant of the powers of the heart, as the last are of those of the understanding. He is in many particulars the most minute, fine, delicate, observer of human nature I ever met with; the most refin'd and just in his sentiments; but he often carries that refinement into purility, and that justness into tastelessness; he not only enters upon those beautiful and touching distinctions which the gross conceptions of most men are incapable of discerning, but he falls also upon all the trivial silly circumstances of society, which can have attractions only for a nursery: this writer possesses infinite powers both of delicacy and reason, but he possesses not the judicious faculty of directing those powers. He is deficient in TASTE: hence he is irregular and false in his notions of the manners he treats of: he plainly shews that he has neither from nature nor education the kind of intelligence, which should guide him in the pursuit he attempts: his understanding
seem

seems to be hampered and confined, it wants enlargement, freedom, or to say all in one word, TASTE; his men of the world are strange debauchées, his women ridiculously outrées, both in good and bad qualities; parts there are, not only of the most refin'd, the most elevated, I had almost said the most celestial delicacy; but even of gaiety, ease, and agreeableness: but you see plainly that the writer is not A MASTER of deficiencies, stiffness, improprieties, break in upon you at times, and shock you: and you grieve that he does not please you more—or less.

REASON puts me in mind of the pound sterling which we all pay with *nominally* tho' not *really*.

ONE great reason why men practise generosity so little in the world, is, their finding so little there: generosity is catching, and if so many men escape it, it is in a great degree from the same reason that countrymen escape the small-pox; because they meet with no one to give it them.

I WONDER La Rochfaucault never said, that we loved generosity because we got by it: it would have been methinks agreeable to the system of that ingenious and pleasing writer. And let me, in the midst of my admiration of his delicate discernment, censure that overstraining keenness in him, which in his disquisitions into nature went sometimes to sources to which she does not seem to have ascended herself. It appears to me, that he sometimes gives us causes for things which are primary in themselves, and that he really *did* what Leibnitz thought it unreasonable to require, as appears by his pleasant question to some curious queen, when he said, *Vous voulez, madame, que je vous donne le pourquoi du pourquoi?*

WHAT fire and what ease in the language and painting of La Bruiere! how masterly, how minute, and yet how spirited! I admire these excellencies; I see also marks of good sense and right thinking in his writings, and thus far I approve La Bruiere: but I suffer not his excellencies to dazzle my sight or disguise his faults with a false lustre: I never regulate my opinion by that of
F others,

others, and I boldly declare that I see little penetration, little compass of thought in La Bruiere: I think he dwells upon trifles, and seems too much taken up with them to have contemplated such objects as alone are worthy the attention of a genius; *Il ne penetre que l'ecorce des hommes*, is a remark upon him by a friend of mine which pleases me much. What a difference between La Bruiere and La Rochfaucault! I see methinks, sometimes at least I think I see in La Bruiere, a satyr produced by spleen; in La Rochfaucault, a keenness arising from real curiosity and truth; La Bruiere sometimes adopts a dubious principle, merely because it is disadvantageous to mankind; La Rochfaucault indeed sometimes does wrong to humanity, but it always follows by just consequence from his own principle, and is always the genuine branch of one radical mistake. In my opinion La Rochfaucault is *generally* searching, deep, intuitive, and great; La Bruiere *generally* half discerning, and little.

WHAT an amazing quality has turpentine! stir and agitate its particles, you give it prodigious force, leave it to itself it has

none at all: emblem of the faculties of man!

THERE is a sort of learned pedant at Oxford, who at Paris would have been a *petit maitre manqué*.

IT is well known that none can give so accurate an account of any errors or follies, as those who have been subject to them themselves, or at least connected with some that have. They know the *fort* and the *foible*, the *pour* and the *contre*. They know, and they only know, because they have *felt*, what was the charm that fascinated, the attraction that drew, and the tie that bound; they therefore can best describe, and most effectually expose them: who, for instance, could so effectually expose the fopperies of popery, as a converted papist? those who are less minutely acquainted with the subject, will sometimes go too far, and sometimes stop short; but it unfortunately happens, that men generally censure *because* they do not understand, at least they censure those things which a *natural aversion* has prevented their being minutely acquainted with. Hence the wild, imperfect and false

accounts of one country produced by the writers of another ; and hence it comes to pass that we are so often disgusted with a coarse daubing of some mishapen figure, when a portrait, or at least a charicatura by the hand of a master, would have afforded the most exquisite delight. I remember in a modern, nay English book, a strange figure carried to Paris to be shewn as a true English, country, sporting 'squire, and he was among other things dressed in a *leathern-cap* ; need I ask how imperfect the whole picture must be after the painter had shewn his ignorance by so gross an impropriety ?

WHY the d——I do they not bring Burrhus's *Salisbury* up ? O, I see it is coming round—Whoo-ey, it stops at the door. You think Burrhus wants to get into it ; you are mistaken : come, John, resign to your master, get upon thy fifth horse—and wag on.—But hold ; Burrhus chooses to step round first and handle the bits *a few*, just fling his eye round and see how the tackle stands ; he won't keep you long ; if any thing is amiss he'll see it with half an

3

eye,

eye ; nay he would have harnessed himself, but that he was tying a knot or two in his lash ; you see there is only a small matter of alteration in the bearing reins, and all is right. Come, Hippias, if we are to ride with him, order your horse out—but let us see Burrhus get out of the yard before us.—It's an awkward sort of a turning for four horses.—Pooh, that's the beauty of it : What think you of turning out of the Angel-yard with one of the leaders false, and the other galled in the shoulders ? Burrhus wishes that was the case now.—Come, Will, give your master his great coat, there,—pull down one of the under capes—and now, Burrhus, thou happy mortal ! thy reign begins. Burrhus with the profoundest consideration, takes the two neat black reins, artificially one under the other, and his heart in secret throbs with delight, at the endearing touch : he gives them a sudden and beautiful turn downwards, and then quietly mounts the various steps of *his* “ ambition's ladder,” but he does not, like the vile statesman, “ scorn the base degrees by which he did ascend, when he has gained the topmost round,” the coach box ; but

but he still loves every wheel, every spoke, every iron that connects and preserves his little world. Gey heau—gey heau—see how he goes! what grace! what attitudes! his body's as supple as a posture-master's, or a man's that has been broken on the wheel; his head goes noddle noddle, like a Chinese figure; and see! now his right hand moves like the arms of a windmill, fairly round and round.—Ay, now he changes upon you, now it's backward and forward, still from the shoulder you see.—There, he has just fired the four nags—you thought they were not *sharp*. They are all *scrambling* you see. Burrhus can make any thing *sharp*—It's quite a fine fight, don't you think so?—There, now they're all up—sa'atly, sa'atly—see how they champ on their bits!—Pooh! but you don't enjoy this—you have no taste—I'll be hang'd if you see half Burrhus's excellencies; what, you don't see that all his clothes are under him, nor—but it would be endless and useless to shew you these beauties,—you say, Burrhus is mad—be it so: but do you forget that “there is a pleasure in being mad, which none but madmen know.”

Do

Do some wise men know that even prejudices and follies *may* result from sensibility! and that the reason why they are not prejudiced and foolish *may* have been that they were insensible.

WHEN I am told that Alexander seemed really to doubt whether he had not something divine in his composition, I am far from being so much surprized at it as I see other people: I can easily conceive that human nature might without gross absurdity be put out of its common course of reasoning by such a series of strange events as happened to that extraordinary man. If they strike us as almost supernatural, what effect is it natural to suppose they would have upon him to whom they happened! he was continually effecting what human powers were thought unable to effect; his whole life was passed as it were on fairy land, where every thing was rather produced by enchantment than nature, he lived in an age when the existence of demi gods, a progeny of mortals mixing with immortals, was readily admitted; and he was surrounded by flatterers who were continually

improving every miraculous incident of his life to persuade him that he was of this celestial race, and that not Philip but Jupiter was his father. If all this be considered, perhaps it will be allowed that it was more probable, I had almost said more rational, for Alexander to think himself a divinity than a man.

FORTUNE, luck: silly terms say you, invented by short-sighted men who cannot see the causes of things, and who have no idea of connection and consequence. But the reality of what we impute to luck none can deny, and the cause of it perhaps none can discover. What is the cause of runs at play? what makes one man win almost every stake for an hour together, and another man at the same publick table, and the same game, depending wholly upon chance, lose almost every stake for an hour together? what can continue this difference for a month, nay for a year? the fact is too well known to be controverted, and whatever is the cause of this, may be the cause of a like run in the more important occurrences of life where the odds in point of chance

chance are against it. That there is such a run I think almost equally evident, for who has not seen some instances where every prudential measure has been frustrated and over-rul'd as it were by an unfurmountable fatality, and a series of the most ill concerted and ill conducted projects crowned with success? such, "*a tide* there is in the affairs of men;" and when I am told that Cæsar despised the storms that filled the mariners with terror, I do not wonder at his presumption when I consider his life, but say with him to the mariners, "you carry Cæsar and his fortune."

A THOROUGH good Newmarket groom would have been a good minister of state if he had been train'd for it,

I HAVE heard some of the first judges of whist say, that it was not those who play'd best by the true laws of the game that would win most, but those who play'd best to the false play of others, and I am sure it is true of the great game of the world.

EXERCISE is *still more* requisite to the health of the mind than of the body.

THE

THE claret-drinker hates the taste of port, the port-drinker prefers it to claret, and every foreigner says of one and the other *C'est un beuvrage epais et detestable*. What! does habit, then extend its dominion over, and give laws to the very senses!

How comes it that so many of the most sensible men in the world decide so differently on the same and often on the most important points? Because there are so few third persons.

IT *has* happened that a woman who has made herself cheap, has been astonish'd to find herself little valued by another.

MANY men study and practise the œconomy of their money, hardly any that of their pleasure, without which money is useless.

THE mind will not only be dissatisfied at not enjoying what she sees and longs for, she will often be so at having miss'd even what is pass'd, and what if she had enjoyed would now be no more.

No two things can be so contradictory, so much at variance as truth and falsehood, and yet none are so mixed and united.

THE

THE great reason why false Virtues pass so well in the world is, that true ones are so seldom near to compare them with.

SOME men have just sense enough to prove their want of it.

FRIENDSHIP never ascends to love, love often descends to friendship.

A FOOL is not always without wit; and it is when he shews wit, that he is insupportable: his wit is like an edged tool put into the hands of a child; without it he might be as harmless; and possibly as entertaining.

FEW difficulties, as well as few women, hold out against *real* attacks.

COURAGE to think, is infinitely more rare than courage to act, and yet the danger in the first case is generally *imaginary*, in the last *real*.

THE medium between too scrupulously returning, and too easily accepting obligations, is the finest and most difficult medium I know in the world.

GREAT attention, among intimates and relations, is generally less a mark of the force

force of their attachment, than of the masking the decline of it.

IT is un lucky that the *very* reason which makes Eugenio think his stories entertaining, should make me think them troublesome; their being about himself.

IF it is true that from the same principle that you are delighted with generosity, nature and truth, you are shocked by meanness, pretension, and affectation, what will be your fate, if you are generous, natural, and true?

IT is a known rule, that if you are to reckon for the expence of any undertaking, you should by way of precaution throw more money into the account than you can find articles for. How excellently do men follow this rule in the portion of self-regard they are to bestow upon themselves in their dealings with others!

ONE great disadvantage to the cause of truth is its being so often in the hands of Liars.

THERE are men who are so knowing and ingenious, who see so far into things, and

and discern effects so remote from their causes, that no disputant can stand against them: yet while these men triumph in the power which arises from their acquaintance with these distant objects of the understanding, they have perhaps quite overlooked those that lie near them. There perhaps they are defenceless, and may easily be conquered; as a battery of cannon is often disposed so as to defend a fort from the most powerful vessels, while small boats may come securely under their direction, and in spite of these mighty cannon take the place.

WE often fly to the defence of certain faults when they are attacked, which, though we really are guilty of them, we never had acknowledged even to ourselves: as dogs eat simples when they are sick, without being conscious that they act from a principle of self-preservation.

I HARDLY know so true a mark of a little mind, as the servile imitation of others; or alas! so common a thing.

THOUGH I lament the present depravity of British taste, that prefers the Chinese to
the

the Grecian and Roman architecture ; yet I have objections to many parts even of these, though very great examples are against me ; I mean those representations of monsters and incongruous figures ; of human faces stuck to beasts bodies ; of mouths for spouts of water ; of one creature's leg joined to another's thigh : all this, whatever may be the authority, is in my opinion, FALSE-TASTE : I think every part of architecture should be judged by *one* rule, and that the *whole* should be noble, simple, and natural.

SENSE and good taste often *suffer* from the defects which folly and bad taste *enjoy*.

POSSESSION without right, is in most cases of property, a much better title than right without possession ; is it not so also in most cases of consideration, respect, and admiration of the world ?

It does not seem an easy question to resolve, whether men like best to prime over others, or to have others prime over them.

SOME

SOME prejudices are to the mind, what the atmosphere is to the body; we cannot feel without the one, nor breathe without the other.

EVERY man will allow that a stander-by sees better than a player; no man will prefer the opinion of another, about himself, to his own.

SOME men have a reasonable understanding, and a ridiculous character.

FABRICIUS is of a very uncommon cast, I hardly know so strong an instance of the contrariety between the understanding and character as in him; he is perhaps, the most sensible, the most droll, and the most foolish man you ever met with. Hark! what a roar of laughter! Oh! it is a ring Fabricius has got round him; he is certainly entertaining his company with, the most facetious, and the most absurd stories you can conceive. Shall we get up upon the table to see over the heads of those that surround him what he is doing?—see how he gesticulates! how he mimics the drawling affectation of the lady he is talking about! what, sure he is
not

not dancing! yes, that decent brown coat, waistcoat, breeches, stockings, and square toed shoes; that decent figure, that long black bob, is dancing like an antic! and now again he is recounting. Were it possible for you to get through the crowd and listen to him, you would find that Fabricius is master of the keenest discernment, the most judicious discrimination you can conceive; he will extract, nay take care he don't from you, he will extract every grain of ridicule out of a character, as a loadstone the particles of steel from those of sand that are mixed with them: he will hold them up to the light, and expose these absurdities, even though with them he exposes his own: nothing escapes him, nay in these comic descriptions he will often mix the most ingenious observations, and the justest reasonings, and you are for a moment suspended between the admiration of his Wit and his understanding; but as soon as the torrent of his humour breaks in upon you, every serious consideration is hurried away before it, and you think of nothing, you desire nothing but those extatic breaks of laughter which he

extorts

extorts from you : ask not for any relation of what he says, he alone can give it you ; he is a living farce, a puppet shew, and we all supply the scenes, the incidents, and the fable of it. Thus he uses the characters of others ; what is his own ? humorous you see, and, if the character of another, would be the best subject of humour to him. Fabricius possesses four thousand pounds per annum, but were you to judge of his rank in the world, either by his own appearance, or by that of the people he is connected with, you would perhaps suppose he had as many hundreds out of which he saved about half. He keeps no house, no equipage, no servants, no company ; you would take him for a mechanick : no dignity in his appearance, no carriage, no address ; yet he is perfectly free, and will converse with you, I mean *to* you as long as you will hear him. What are the subjects of his discourse ? men, —and women :—if you would see the comic side of the world he is your man : he carries constantly in his mind a kind of human raree-show, which he will exhibit gratis, without loss of time, to any person

G

who

who cares, or does not care, to see it; and this from morrow to morrow as long as opportunity serves. Then you may depend upon the existence of the originals he gives you such *original copies* of. They are all his own, or your intimates and friends; if you have not discovered their latent characteristics he will shew them. *My* friends and intimates! will he ridicule *my* friends and intimates to *me*? is that consistent with propriety and decorum? nay, I only said it was droll; and the oddity and impropriety of it certainly makes it droll in a higher degree. Not a little Miss but stares with astonishment at the choice of his subjects, and if *he* paints *them* *they* paint *him*, as well as they can. Fabricius is a man of taste too, and a man of letters; the polite arts, and the unpolite professors of them are his by particular connection, but his excellence is in the *out of the way* arts; he chiefly delights in the useless and neglected studies; he will set his mind on something that you and I and others, would chuse to forget, and make a voyage to Aleppo to get to the bottom of it. When he is serious he will talk to you
and

and reason on these subjects extreamly well, and you will at least allow, that if he is in an error it is fed not by wild fancy but by reason and sense: Fabricius almost tempts one sometimes to think that sense had lost her way, and was fallen into the hands of a fool. He has great talents in horsemanship too, and nothing can be more comic than his exercising those talents; his ideas are so much elevated above the brute creation that he does not know one horse from another, and he is very apt.—But what end of describing Fabricius! what pity is it, oh Fabricius! that no power of nature, or necromancy could at once transform thee into another, and leave thee thyself! what an account wouldst thou give of thyself!

IT is the understanding that talks, and the character that acts; nay, that persuades.

MEN lay down positions that are indisputable, and not only their antagonists deviate from them, but they themselves, whenever it serves their purpose.

THE thing which of all others in the world we have most warning of is what we are most deceived in, *false reports*.

THEY who listen to themselves, are not listened to by others.

DESPAIR is the shocking ease to the mind, that mortification is to the flesh.

A LITTLE restraint will often put the man of sense and the fool upon the same footing.

IT is, in general much less necessary for you to fix well, than to fix.

IT is by some actions in life as by some little tricks of dexterity which are played in company among friends; they are shewn us, and we plainly see how simple and easy they are, yet when we try, we find ourselves unable to put them in practice.

THERE sometimes wants only a stroke of fortune to discover numberless latent good or bad qualities which would otherwise have been eternally concealed; as words written with a certain liquor appear only when applied to the fire.

SENSE

SENSE should prompt us to talk, but we should not prompt sense; or, to be more explicit, you should never be clever but when you cannot help it.

IF you are to judge of a watch which you find does not *go well*, you will certainly examine whether the movement is hinder'd by any accidental obstruction before you condemn it as a bad piece of work; and should not the same rule be observed where it seems to be often neglected? I mean in our judgments of men.

LOVERS generally find the most noble and amiable qualities in their mistresses, and will tell you that those qualities are the occasion of their passion, but in reality the passion is generally the occasion of those qualities.

ONE great satisfaction must be wanting to those who have been blessed with uninterrupted happiness, the consciousness of that happiness arising from a reflexion upon it.

THINGS do not always strike in proportion as they are obvious; on the contrary,

some do not strike at all *because* they are obvious in the highest degree; has truth then its effect upon the mind, less as truth than as novelty?

THE *improper behaviour* to some men, is the being civil to them, and what they will *return accordingly*.

I HAVE heard it vulgarly said, that if a thing was good we should receive it tho' it came from the devil; this puts me in mind of the various motives for contentment among men.

WHEN we are very young, we admire and envy the person of one man, the riches of another, the parts of another, the house, the gardens, the horses, of another, the bodily accomplishments, the what not, the beauties and advantages which result from art, or nature, or fortune, wherever we find them; and we fail not to suppose that the possessor of them enjoys the happiness that we imagine they would give to us: how pleasing is such a man in his person or accomplishments, and what advantages must he have over such another, who

is

is so much his inferior in every thing ! but we then little consider what it is that the enjoyment of these advantages must arise from ; we do not reflect how much of it depends upon others, upon their sentiments, opinion, and behaviour ; nor how much depends upon the mind and disposition of the possessor himself. When we are grown older, and various disappointments of what we have thought our most reasonable expectations have made us wiser, we admire, or we may do so at least, the curious dispensation of the benefits of this world, which so often makes up a real deficiency by an imaginary advantage. A man is neither pleasing in his person or character, he fancies himself so in both, and the illusions of his vanity produce real happiness, for they do not suffer him to see that the opinion of the world is different from his own. Another, who has neither taste nor discernment, admires a woman with false beauty and an affected understanding, he admires her offspring who are equally deficient, and he admires himself in both, with such a confident fondness, that it would be impossible for truth herself to

show him his mistake. If the world swarms with imperfections, it swarms also with minds that can enjoy them; and to such minds superior discernment will be no more missed or desired than sight by a man born blind: but as it must be granted that those who see, have a natural capacity for happiness which the blind have not; so it is true that when natural advantages are possessed with a suitable temper and disposition, and in such circumstances as give them a proper effect upon others, they not only produce a proportionate sensation of happiness to the possessor, but also eclipse those that derive their happiness from mere imaginary perfection, who will themselves, by a necessary impulse, feel their own inferiority. But alas! when do these various requisites for happiness meet? the philosopher may draw specious conclusions, and indulge the most delicious hopes with respect to futurity, but *little* must he expect to find their concurrence here; *never* must he conclude that in this world superiority is happiness.

You

You are a married man, I think, Mr. a,
 a, a, what d'ye call'um? O yes, Sir, this is
 my fourth wife. Good God, have you had
 four wives! why you are but a young man.
 True, Sir, but I love the state; I was married,
 Sir, before I was twenty, and one wife has
 died one way, and another another, and
 in short, if this wife was to die, poor
 woman! I should certainly take another:
 O yes, I love the state extreamly; no
 happiness in my opinion but in the married
 state. It is the *State* then, Mr. what d'ye call
 it, the *State* ITSELF that pleases you?
 you don't love your wife? not love my wife!
 God forbid! not love my wife! bless me,
 can any body charge me with following
 other women? not love my own wife!—
 but I thought you said you would imme-
 diately marry again if she was to die? well,
 Sir—and is there any sin in that? you would
 not, I suppose, have me live with her after
 she was dead! No certainly, but yet methinks
 the forgetting one's wife so soon and taking
 another is but an odd consequence of hav-
 ing loved her extremely. Why is it not
 enough then, Sir, to love a woman as long
 as she lives?—I lov'd all my wives, for my
 part,

part, poor women, as long as they lived, and so I should twenty more if I was to have them; I think it one's duty, for my part, to love one's wife, and though I did not love e'er a one of them before I married them, I loved them all as soon as they became my wives: I know my duty, Sir—I love a sober regular life, for my part, and a wife is a wife I think; and a very good thing it is: I know for my part, I will never be without one; and, please God, I hope I shall always make a good husband.—Well, these are charming principles! now I confess myself so unworthy, that if any thing could have destroyed the affection I have for my wife it would have been her becoming so. I loved her extremely before I married her, and my delicacy was rather wounded at even that imaginary constraint which marriage might be supposed to put upon her mind by *making it a duty* to love me: liberty, free, spontaneous and mutual tenderness are very endearing, and afford an elevated and delicate sensation which is almost incompatible even with an ideal constraint. I beg pardon, Sir, I believe
I

I did not hear you very well, I did not rightly understand you; but in truth I got a bad ear-ach and cold at our last affizes, and I have never been rightly *sensible* since: I am grown quite *dull of hearing*; I crave pardon, Sir.—Why no, Mr. a, a, a, I don't know,—I did not speak very plainly,—I don't know why I muttered so, not I,—I talked to myself, I think,—good night, good Sir——pray my compliments to your spouse.

RICHES beget riches, poverty poverty; melancholy reflection!

“A BIRD in the hand is worth two in the bush,” is a proverb that may have a very good moral. But I believe that if we could inculcate a quite contrary doctrine it would be of much more general utility: it is methinks what is *not in hand* that seems to require our principal attention. The sacrifice of the present to the future, if a fault, seems too rare to require a particular caution, and to be like some unnatural crimes, in no danger of becoming epidemic.

WHEN

WHEN I reflect upon the greatness of Cæsar's soul which could prompt him to contract a debt superior to his whole fortune many times told, from a view of advantage, which, however great in the eye of his ambition, was yet distant and precarious: when I reflect upon his amazing neglect of a present advantage in favour of a much greater that was distant, by giving his vote and interest for Pompey against himself, I am overwhelmed with astonishment and veneration. When I reflect on the numbers I know, who in numberless instances think and act from motives arising from the present moment, from mere custom, prejudice, or pride, not only in evident opposition to reason and conviction, but even to interest; when I reflect upon these instances of absurdity and narrowness of soul, I am not less astonished, but my astonishment is mingled with indignation and contempt, and I not only join with historians in acknowledging such a soul as Cæsar's most uncommon, but add also, that the souls of these others are very common.

I

MEN

MEN much more frequently think and act from motives arising from present circumstances than from future; though the former are not sufficient to justify their conduct and the latter are.

POLITENESS is said to be the science of civility, yet persons are perhaps more frequently unpolite from too much civility than from too little.

LATITUDE of thought and vice as contractedness and virtue, are, it must be confessed, placed extremely near to each other, yet eternally separated.

TWO men are equally free from the rage of ambition; are they therefore equal in merit? perhaps not, one may be above ambition, the other below it.

THERE is methinks a certain reflective cast and impartiality in Fontenelle's writings which are found in few others: there is an observation in his plurality of worlds which lies out of the road of a common mind, and I think however whimsical, it is particularly pleasing. " Such are the " motions of the earth and the moon, says
Fon-

Fontinelle, " that only one side of the
 " moon can ever be turned towards the
 " earth: to that side the earth is a moon
 " forty times bigger than the moon is to the
 " earth, but the other side has no moon
 " at all; may we not then suppose that
 " curiosity is continually bringing travellers
 " from the unenlightened to the enlightened
 " hemisphere of that planet merely to see
 " in a foreign country our enormous lu-
 " minary which they could never see in
 " their own?" this reflection not only
 pleased me but suggested another; are there
 not intellectual lights, peculiar to the regions
 of different minds, which can never be
 seen without travelling from one to the
 other? and may I not carry the comparison
 still farther, and say, that these lights also
 are reflected, and that all our knowledge
 is to truth what the moon is to the sun, a
 faint reflection of broken rays that but
 just enlightens us and scarce warms us at
 all?

How strangely forcible is the power of
 nature! it often happens that the thing we
try to do is for that very reason undone; those
 we strive most to please are perhaps those we
 make

make ourselves least agreeable to ; we *try* to be gay, and we are stupid ; to get the better of drowsiness and fatigue, and we sink the more under them ; in short, it appears to me that there are many things the success of which might be best ensured by *trying* to do *the direct contrary*.

THOUGH men hardly ever *think* themselves wrong in the offence, yet they almost always *feel* themselves so in the just reproof.

AVARICE is both knave and fool.

IT makes the philosopher smile to reflect that the violent incentives of ambition should so often serve only to put men upon studying, watching, working, toiling, well or ill, for the service of those very persons whom they look down upon as scarcely of the same species with themselves. How mortifying could they once be sensible of it !

IT is from the same principle that men are very sweet and very sour ; consequently we often see the two extremes in the same person.

THE

THE world is an excellent judge *in general*, but a very bad one *in particular*.

SOME inconsiderable though desirable effects, cannot be produced by common understandings, some considerable effects may; yet men are always praised and honoured in proportion to the *effect*, and not in proportion to the *known difficulty* of producing it.

PROFUSION is generally nearer allied to avarice than generosity.

THE criterion of true beauty is that it increases on examination; of false, that it lessens. There is something therefore in true beauty that corresponds with right reason, and is not merely the creature of fancy.

As charity covers a multitude of sins before God; so does politeness before men.

I HAVE heard politeness defined "an artificial good nature," may we not more truly say that good nature is a natural politeness? art will make but an imperfect work if the assistance of nature is wanting.

ACTIONS

ACTIONS which nature prompts, and reason approves, are more striking than those which reason prompts in spite of nature.

NATURE has ordain'd that some creatures should prey upon others, and it is observable that the latter have a certain instinct by which they know their enemies and avoid them, yet there is one creature whose strange instinct is to find out its enemy, and keep continually in its way: ask Clodius what creature I mean:

AN Clodius, said Julia, how can I believe all you tell me? don't I know how often you have said the same thing to others? yes, dear Julia, said the insinuating, the false, the conquering Clodius, but consider to whom. Can I put you upon the same level with Fulvia, Clara, and Corinna, and such creatures! do more justice, lovely Julia, to yourself if not to me. Well, said Julia, we will not enter into an argument on the subject; but, believe me, I know perfectly well how little you think, what you so emphatically say; besides, you see it is my dinner-time, my

H husband

husband is coming home, and I imagine it is your dinner-time too. Ah, cruel Julia, how fast the hours fly in your presence, and with what regret do I always leave you! — Shall I not pay my respects to you to-morrow? — No indeed, I am engaged to-morrow — next day then? why next day, said she, as she intently counted the sticks of her fan, I am engaged too — but you may call — if you will — a moment.

I HAVE heard of some creature which when dress'd for food, has in its different parts the tastes of many others. It puts me in mind of Sicinius, who is by fits a French *Agréable*, an English farmer, a keen sportsman, and a book-worm; not to mention several other little turns of whim or fancy to which Sicinius sometimes gives his mind. Nothing is more jaunty than young Sicinius; if you saw him at the opera or play-house and had never heard who he was, you would certainly ask, for his appearance is striking, his cloaths hang so easy about him, he is so minutely well-dress'd, I mean with that commanding ease

ease as well as propriety, that the assemblage of the whole must strike even those eyes, by which particular parts would be undistinguished.—He lolls, he talks, he holds his tongue, still with a certain uncommon superiority—he is the truth of an *Agréable*—you would scarce think whilst you saw some fashionable woman almost paying her court to Sicinius on the outside of her side-box, that he intended going the next morning, perhaps that very night, to his old house in the country, to shut himself up there for many months; but still less would you believe that he was just come from the baker's club, where he had talked his five minutes, and worn his great wig and great coat like a true and orthodox member of that celebrated and learned society. Will you follow him to his old house in the country?—you will see him with his hair hanging about his ears, and not only with as bad a coat as any farmer in the country, but also with as bad an air: yes, he is a Proteus: so far from being *absurd* about things that happen to lie out of his way, he constantly finds out the very *something*, which distinguishes every class of men: he assumes the most contrary

H 2

characters,

characters, and is this moment the very reverse of what he was the last.—Sicinius takes his oaken-stick, gets a stride a kind of *half-cart* mare, and kicks her to market to a neighbouring town; there he will look at, and cheapen some hay, or oats, and no one understands both more minutely; nor will he fail to wet the bargain with the feller. He has been known to drink very near his gallon of bad ale in an evening with a set of farmers in the midst of tobacco-smoak, to which he fairly contributed his full share of whiffs, nay, and to talk just as well, and as much as the best of them.—Were it not for scandalizing, I would mention too how much Sicinius would be found to have changed his taste as to his ladies—but that—As to this rustic life, he may perhaps continue it sometime, perhaps turn short about and assume another, it is just as it happens; however you may be certain whatever are his avocations, he will always be,—*totus in illis*—he has been known to remain a whole year together in an odd character, and to have been quite despaired of by his acquaintance who were in another.—However, I think they

they all recover him again first or last.—At present indeed Sicinius mixes two characters together, which you must allow to be extremely different—he is a pedant and a fox-hunter. He boards with a nobleman's keeper at his little hut, lives absolutely by himself, and is up every other morning in December two hours before it is light to attend the fox-hounds, six, twelve, or fourteen miles from home, and he has no companion or attendant but a little pocket Horace. He divides his conversation between the hounds and his Horace. In the field Sicinius speaks to no living creature except (I say) a hound, and to hounds no one speaks so well—no man makes a *try* like him, or *gets* so well *into* hounds, nor does he ever quit the field while even a terrier remains in it—he has been known to stay many hours after star-light with labourers and whippers-in and terriers at an earth.—No man is so keen, or so good a sportsman as Sicinius ; nor would any, who did not know it, suspect that all the while he had his little Horace in his pocket ; when he does not hunt, he converses with him—or his horse, and perhaps next year

we may see a translation of Horace by Sicinius. One half of the year perhaps he is a sober man and drinks little or no wine, the next, possibly he is as great a reveller as Marc Anthony, and few men become jollity better. If you should get up at four o'clock in the morning to go a hunting, during Sicinius's revelling season, you may, perhaps, meet him with his fine cloaths unbutton'd, and his fine lace ruffles as black as the ground, staggering home down both sides of the street. When Sicinius sets about it, he is quite the *agréable debauché*. What he will enter upon next I can't say; but I expect to hear, one day or other, that he has taken orders, and is——an archbishop.

WEAKNESS of mind is still more disgusting than vice.

WEAK men often, from the very principle of their weakness, derive a certain susceptibility, delicacy and taste, which render them in those particulars, much superior to men of stronger and more consistent minds who laugh at them.

SOME men have the strange faculty of commanding an inattention to what is well worth the hearing.

A PROUD man never shews his pride so much as when he is civil.

THINGS which men call the causes of their melancholy, are, I believe, often the effects of it.

ONE great reason why virtue is so *little* practised, is its being so *ill* understood.

MORTIFYING reflection! however difficult it may be for us to see our faults, it is still more to correct them; consoling reflection! seeing our faults is often more an attonement for them, than correcting them.

THE poets judged like philosophers when they feigned love to be blind: how often do we see in a woman, what our judgment and taste approve, and yet feel nothing towards her, how often what they both condemn, and yet feel a great deal!

THE facility of procuring many of our very best pleasures grows with, nay alas! even from our indifference towards them.

THERE is an unfortunate disposition in man to attend much more to the faults of

his companions which offend him, than to their perfections which please him.

WE often mistake the effect for the cause; it is for instance, generally much less the love that invades the heart, than it is the heart that invites the love.

GOOD humour will conquer ill-humour, but ill-humour will conquer it much better.

IT is often better to have a great deal of harm happen to one than a little; a great deal may rouse you to remove, what a little will only accustom you to endure.

IT requires recollection, even in a sensible man, to see that *things* are the same at the end and beginning of a period of ten or twenty years.

WE shall be often deceived if we expect men to quit an opinion *as soon* as the cause which produced it is removed; as the turbulent sea will by no means lose its turbulence with the storm that occasioned it.

THE

THE merriest people are not always those whose hearts are most susceptible of joy.

THE well-concerted project of a sensible man, *must* often depend for success on the will of a fool.

WHEN I reflect upon the particular consideration and attention which superior honours or riches command, it puts me in mind of certain days, when clouds are flying about, and the sun happens to shine out strongly from between some of them on particular parcels of ground: those spots of the prospect will then be gilded and distinguished to the eye in such a manner, that all the others, however beautiful they may be in themselves, will be quite overlooked and disregarded.

EVERY man, I believe, has his weak place, and may be duped if it could be found out.

WHEN men are accused of an ill humour or displeasure, which is so violent that it bears no proportion to the apparent cause of it, it is, I believe, very rare but that there
are

are other foreign and hidden causes, unknown, perhaps, even to the person himself, which contribute to, and heighten that violence.

Of all distinctions, sure none is so little attended to, as that between the necessary care to preserve our own right, and the invasion of the right of another: men are so apt to think their own right more than it is, and the right of others less, that he who is equally scrupulous and vigilant to preserve both in their utmost extent, will probably be despised as a dupe, merely because he scorns to dupe others: such a chance has honesty for respect among the major part of those who are pleased to value themselves for being notable and clever; for having a most sagacious discernment, and knowing how to make the most of it.

WHAT trouble and pain do people often take to make themselves agreeable when every effort carries them farther from their point! and how much surprized would they be, could they be persuaded that there was an infallible secret of succeeding in their desires, which was to do—nothing.

MAY

MAY not taste be compared to that exquisite sense of the bee, which instantly discovers and extracts the quintessence of every flower, and disregards all the rest.

What a day! the cold, the rain, the winds are past, and a glow of warmth, splendor, and beauty, is spread over the face of the earth! my mind expanded and rejoiced in its influence. I contemplated nature in all its glory, and I felt, that thus to contemplate nature was to be happy; my reason was urged to the most pleasing consequences, and that I might indulge it without interruption I returned again to my study: here my attention was drawn to a number of flies which I had left in my window scarce able to crawl, and which were now sporting in the beams of the sun, and exulting in the vigour and delight which the weather had inspired. Good God, am I then a fly!

REMOVING prejudices is alas! too often removing the boundary of a delightful near prospect, in order to let in a shocking extensive one.

How

HOWEVER fond we are of ourselves we are often, I believe, less averse to the man who dupes us, than to the man we dupe.

SOME men seem to talk sense, as musicians play music, because it is *their trade*. As to taste or reflection—I had almost said consciousness either in music or sense, that is not part of the trade and they know nothing of it.

CHARITY is a virtue much talked of, but I think very little understood. Charity it is said forbids me to think such or such ill of such particular persons. What! does charity prompt one thing and reason another? charity may regulate our behaviour, but can have no influence over our opinion.

IT would be a ridiculous trial, and yet, I believe, a very efficacious one, if it was possible, to compel every man to bet ten thousand pounds if he had so much, on every opinion he himself should tell you he was confirmed in: might not such a favour make some strange revolutions in the faith of men who themselves little suspect it?

I HAVE sometimes said to myself, why should I hate people because they are irrational, prejudiced, and selfish? it is not their faults, they were *made* so. And yet, if I am *made* to hate their being so, may not I also have my privilege?

RESPECT is better procured by exacting than soliciting it.

I HAVE often thought that the nature of women was inferior to that of men in general, but superior in particular.

THE same disposition which makes men inquisitive and curious in small things, makes them negligent and incurious in great ones:

IT is methinks worthy the curiosity of a nice deserver of human nature to watch the course of a principle in the mind, and mark its various effects; now cherishing a virtue now a vice; now establishing order, and now inclining to irregularity: to trace it like a stream from a source through all its windings, each of which those who see but a part, distinguish by a different name, and suppose to be fed by a different spring.

I HARDLY remember to have known two people thought alike, but that both were displeased.

THERE are some persons, who are sharpers to one set of men, and dupes to another, as the little fish prey upon less, and the great fish prey upon them.

THE same objects appear pleasing or displeasing, as the circumstances in which we see them are comfortable or uncomfortable.

UNBECOMING forwardness oftner proceeds from ignorance than impudence.

How happily is an imperfection sometimes placed in the mind, how unhappily a perfection !

WHAT an argument in favour of social connection is the common observation, that by communicating our grief we have less, and by communicating our pleasure we have more.

SOME men hate human nature, because it belongs to others ; some love it because it belongs to themselves.

WHO can define prejudice ?

A

[III]

A MAN should not be conscious of his own perfections, and yet, methinks, he should be conscious of them. I feel something of a distinction here, which is so fine that it escapes every term of language.

A VERY great source of error is the common practice of judging what men will appear in a point of view in which we have not seen them, from what they appear in another, in which we have seen them.

Good and bad seem to be blended together through all nature, and sometimes to be confounded with each other. In man there seem to be certain vices and virtues which generally go together; and when we see, as we continually do, that some faulty characters please, and some virtuous characters displease, we ought to distinguish what *in particular* it is, that pleases or displeases in them, and if we do, we shall find, at least I believe much oftner than we are aware of, that the virtuous character displeases only in the vicious part, and the vicious character pleases only in the virtuous part:

part. It must indeed be confessed, that some virtuous characters displease us more upon the whole, than some vicious characters, but then it happens, that the vice mingled in the virtuous character is of the most odious kind, for we are more offended with parsimony degenerated into avarice, than with liberality pushed on to profusion; and it should also be remembered, that there are some good and bad qualities, which partake very little, either of virtue or vice, and will yet almost obscure the one, and atone for the other.

For the *first* time the difference may not be very great, perhaps, whether you are to impose upon a person who has a great deal of sagacity, or one who has but little; but the difference the *second* time will be immense.

THE method of knowing whether your sum total be right in arithmetic is to try it by the figures which compose it: the method of knowing whether your content in the world is just, is not by the causes that produce it, for the produce itself is a proof

proof that the causes are what they should be.

THE greatest deceiver in the world is human reason.

As we should adapt the style of our writing to the capacity of the person it is addressed to, so should we our manner of acting; for as persons of inferior *understandings* will misconceive, and perhaps suspect some sophistry from an elegance of expression which they cannot *comprehend*, so persons of inferior *sentiments* will probably mistake the intention, or even suspect a fraud from a delicacy of acting which they want capacity to *feel*.

HARDLY a man, whatever his circumstances and situation, but if you get his confidence, will tell you that he is not happy. It is however certain all men are not unhappy in the same degree, though by these accounts we might almost be tempted to think so. Is not this to be accounted for by supposing that all men measure the happiness they possess by the happiness they desire, or think they deserve?

I

WE

WE lament at every ill we have, we rejoice at none we have not.

How many times in your life have you met with the *most* unreasonable and extraordinary man you *ever* met with?

WE are about as much mortified to be duped by another, as we are little so to be duped by ourselves.

THE fool deceives himself by his own inconsistency; the man of sense by that of others.

CORINNA is very pretty, very gay, and very fantastical; Pharamond is one of her most passionate admirers, and he is so silly and so vain as to construe common civility into the highest encouragement, and a little innocent coquetry into a tacit promise of the last favour. Fulvius is also a sincere admirer of Corinna, and Fulvius is a man of gallantry, sense, and discernment. Corinna however capriciously she may have behaved to others, has shewn a peculiar partiality to Fulvius. Pharamond *thinks* himself encouraged, and Fulvius is so. The other day Pharamond paid a visit to Corinna

rinna and behaved so impertinently and so impudently that Corinna was forced to turn him down stairs. Fulvius paid a visit soon after, and presuming upon the repeated testimonies of her favour, he urged his passion with great delicacy indeed, but with great ardour, and—he was turned down stairs.

If you meet young Torismond at the opera, and ask him how he does, he will answer you, “his dam was got by White-foot, his grand dam by Julius Cæsar, his great grand dam by Chimney-sweeper, his great great grand dam by Silly Tom out of the old Mouna barb mare.”—Have you any running horses to sell?—or match?—you may do either with young Torismond, *quite upon an agreeable footing*: three or four hundred Pounds are with him but as so many farthings: Torismond has seldom fewer racers in his string than thirteen or fourteen; most of them first form'd nags, and all Torismond's intimate friends. Torismond is none of your half-bred jockeys, he improves in *training*, and if he goes on improving till he is an old man, he will

certainly be a jockey *in an exceeding high form*. If you meet Torismond on the road—whether on horseback or in his chariot, its all one—it will be full gallop; his outriders indeed may be trotting behind, for they ride coach-horses, he drives running horses—in order to have a race before his eyes wherever he goes, Oh! *they have all six won many and many a king's plate!* You ask whither he is going in such a hurry? what a question! to see *his friends* to be sure: and the next day, if you go the same road, you will perhaps see him coming the same pace back again after having seen them. You don't comprehend the pleasure resulting from looking at beasts?—Well, if you are so dull I cannot help it: it will be in vain to recommend to you the contemplation of this beautiful string; you will never comprehend the grace of their jolting walk, the charm of their ungain gallop, the delightful whisk of a long, ragged, and ugly tail, much less the beauty of a horse's stopping short, bolting his tail straight up, and—But it would require the pen of a Swift to describe all the *deliciæ* of those dear Houyhnhnms which that great man had the
pene-

penetration to see, and the taste to enjoy. Torismond enjoys them all, and next to the horses he enjoys their feeder; if you was to meet that same feeder and Torismond together, they would put you in mind of the two kings of Brentford—they always whisper—no matter whether any one is near, or whether there is any secret, they are always cheek by jowl—and whispering; nay, if there was a secret, and you were near, and were to listen, you would get nothing by it; their language is that of a jockey, and you would find it about as intelligible as that of a horse. Torismond is an adept you see, he is deep in the mystery, he is indeed a jockey—You ask why he does not rather think of being a politician and making a figure in publick life—indeed I do not know: whether it be that he has any *party prejudices*, or what it is indeed I do not know, but he does not think of it. Well then, say you, as he is young, some gallantries with the fine ladies might be a cleverer employment—bless me, but suppose he has no taste for any of these things! I tell you Torismond is a jockey, a very jockey, and every time he wakes

out of his sleep, he says—" Give me another horse."

EVEN honest men mistake oftener in their own favour than in other peoples.

WE are scarce ever so just either to ourselves or others, as to attend even to the thing that pleases us when not accompanied and set off by something else. Strabo takes a journey to see the fine situation of his friend's seat; he passes by twenty situations in his road which are incomparably more beautiful without even looking at them, and yet, when he arrives at that he is in raptures with it. Strabo thinks Flavia vastly handsome, and prefers her to Honoria; yet in fact, Flavia is much less handsome and agreeable, and he himself would think so if Flavia had not by some chance come into more fashion. Beauties then, whether of art or nature, are it seems a kind of adjectives—they are not allowed to *stand by themselves*: Strabo is fond of operas, he has very great pleasure in hearing Amorevoli sing, and even distinguishes and enjoys the peculiar excellence of his taste and expression, yet it happened the other day
before

before Strabo got into his chariot to go to the opera that a friend of his, who was waiting with him for the hour, hummed an Italian air; Strabo appeared not even to hear it, and yet that friend, perhaps, was master of as much taste and expression as Amorevoli himself. Strabo too loves truth and sentiment, and one night at supper a gentleman unknowingly made a remark which happened to contain exactly the sense of an excellent maxim of La Rochefaucault, Strabo answered,—come, Sir, give me your toast.

THE test of some reflections is the immediate correspondence and assent to them; the test of others, and perhaps of those which are much the best is the immediate dissent.

MEN sometimes arraign follies or faults in others which they have not *sense* or *virtue* enough to be guilty of themselves, you may be distant from the point of right by *stopping short* as well as *going beyond it*.

How happy is it for us that the admiration of others should depend so much more on their ignorance than our perfection!

HOWEVER far some men may have gone in the science of impartiality, I am persuaded that there is not one of them but would be surprized if he could be shewn how much farther he might go.

THERE are some men in whom a deficiency of sense or wit gives no pain; there are some men in whom an abundance of both gives no pleasure.

BRILLUS has no great depth of understanding, but, though you have, it will be your fault if he don't please you. Brillus is in his person extreamly agreeable, in his behaviour proper, in his manners free, in his heart good-natured. There is a certain carelessness about him, not easily defined, but peculiar, and extreamly becoming; and though his conversation has nothing very uncommon in it, yet it is never injudicious or displeasing. His nature is gay, yet soft; and though he has often flights of fancy, yet he is never overbearing, for they are always natural and often endearing. He never copies any man, and for that reason is often copied. Brillus is a man of the
world

world, he dresses well, but without study, and it rather seems as if he could not do otherwise than as if he desired to do it; all awkwardness is repugnant to his nature, he was born polite, easy, and what the French so emphatically call *placé*. He is governed by a kind of natural instinctive propriety, and this principle is not only strong but universal; he never speaks improperly, for even his gaiety and a certain freedom in his discourse, is so very much his own, fits so well upon him, and is so naturally inoffensive to others, that it is impossible not to be pleased with it; every thing Brillus does becomes him, and he proves how much the qualities of the heart are preferable and even assistant to those of the understanding. If you want to talk of sciences or books, you must not apply to Brillus, for he seldom or never reads: if you want to distinguish nicely, or reason profoundly, you must not apply to Brillus, for he gives up speculation and theory for pleasure and practice. But if you possess extensive knowledge and deep penetration yourself; you will never
be

be shocked with his pretensions to what he does not understand, or dogmatical decisions upon what he does, but will be at full liberty to exercise your good humour, your gaiety, your happiness with Brillus.

PHOCION is a gentleman and a man of letters; he has written several ingenious things which have done him credit in the world; his understanding then deserves that credit, and you must approve it; yet, if your character is a pleasing one, you will find Phocion insupportable, because his understanding deserves that credit. Phocion is in his person by no means pleasing, in his behaviour seldom proper, in his manners forward, in his disposition impertinent: there is a certain stiffness about him which is extremely ungraceful, and though his conversation is often very ingenious, yet it is always accompanied with so much conceit, that it never pleases even a good head if it belongs to a good heart. Phocion is rather a man of ingenuity than of taste; if he writes you a letter, it will certainly be most exact in orthography and stile, and perhaps

perhaps full of sense, but he has no conception, that there are faults in a negligent freedom, which have ten times more beauty than his forced accuracy can confer. His nature is fallily gay, that is, pert and pragmatical, and though he has often flights of fancy, in which there is real wit, yet there always appears so much desire to shew it, so much of what the French so emphatically call *gauche*, that it entirely loses its effect, nay possibly it displeases merely by the impropriety with which it is introduced. But if you was to tell Phocion that wit misplaced becomes folly, how cheap would he hold you for your nonsensical paradox ! Phocion is a fine gentleman *manqué*. He has instead of the decent freedom, and *air du monde*, that forced forwardness which talents without taste, flattered by talents without taste, naturally acquire. He takes himself for an agreeable union of the scholar and the gentleman ; for the *polite scholar*, and as such he holds forth. Dress he does not much regard ; however, he orders his tailor to make him a frock, he don't mind the colour, with a silver edging upon it, and a tight round sleeve, which with a
coal

coal black bob-wig makes an agreeable gentleman-like *Neglidgee*; if you ask him why he don't powder his bob, he will, with a smile, ask you the *use*, the *beauty*, the *naturalness* of powder; nay possibly prove to you the absurdity of flinging white dust into a beautiful natural black, and thus come as it were with a rule and pair of compasses to measure what is in itself unmeasurable, thus reason upon what is not cognizable by reason; what, I had almost said is superior to reason; TASTE. He is right, that is, he is self-persuaded; but in fact his ideas are inelegant, he is *deplacé*: in a word, Phocion can write well and talk well, but he cannot please.

ADRASTUS is neither a polished man of the world nor a scholar; nay, he has not the smallest pretensions to the character of either, and yet he is often acceptable to both; he is not the least acquainted with books, not even those in his own language, and he is equally ignorant of the elegancies of life: his breeding does not extend an inch farther than civility; his dress is always after his own fashion, nor is he less singular in his pleasures and tastes, and yet there are twenty
 3 little

little things that Adrastus understands better than any man, and not one but he will take pleasure in doing for you; do you want to have a carriage made, a landau, or a post-chaise, he will order it for you, and it will be made just as you wish it; its *fort* shall be either convenience or *jemmyness*, or a proper mixture of both, just as your character requires it. He will himself see the stuff it is made of, and above all he will take care you shall not be cheated; he knows every particular of every one of the various trades the whole must pass through. Would you buy two or three horses for this post-chaise? He will even do that for you, and not a splint, or spavin, or bad eye, or old broken knee, or pinch't foot, or low heel escapes him. He will chuse any sort of horse equally well, from the thorough English black up to the best bred bay. Adrastus is the best humour'd fellow in the world, and, however distant from every thing that is French, is always acceptable to the most fashionable people, unless they are very much pinched and precise indeed; nay, he likes the company of ladies that are good-humoured and

and free, and will readily make one with them at a Vaux-hall party, and when there, will not fail to get them the best box, and the best things of all sorts: he has but to give Mr. Tyers a wink and all is done: they have drunk many a bowl of punch together, and smoaked many a pipe. By the way, do you love punch? he'll get you such rum as perhaps you never tasted.—You may send Adraustus about at your Vaux-hall parties like a waiter if you will, he desires no better sport; nay, after supper when the chief of the company is gone, he will take a French-horn, and give him a good second, he will delight you. If you love hunting he will clang you the *fan-fas* till the gardens ring again; you will like Alexander “fight
“all your battles o'er again, and slay again
the slain.” However, don't mistake me, Adraustus never in his life hunted with a French-horn, he knows things better; he only practises it as a genteel amusement: Oh! Adraustus is an excellent sportsman in every branch of it. But Adraustus is indeed a most general man as far as modern things, mechanical things, and useful things, go.—
Would you shew your hounds to a good
judge?

judge? get Adrastus to your kennel; the best shaped ones will not escape him; and his hints may be worth listning to if you want to make any new crosses: then if he attends you in the field, and you know and love *the truth*, you'll be delighted with Adrastus; he never rides much, but yet is always first in at the death, you'd swear that either he had whispered the fox which way to go, or the fox him which way he intended to go. Adrastus is indeed a most manly character; all exercises are familiar to him: few men beat him formerly at a hop, step, and jump; he now flings a cricket-ball with most men, is a tolerable back-hand in a tennis-court; and very few men indeed excel him at a cudgel. Some people of rule instead of taste might object to Adrastus as having something odd in his appearance, carriage, and dress, and not being gentleman-like. But if you are not of the number you will hold them very cheap; nay, it will be that very oddity that delights you and makes your connection with him more pleasing, as different notes of music make more striking concord than the same. No man makes a worse bow than Ad-
 rastus,

raustus, or perhaps looks less like a gentleman ; and that is his perfection. His conversation too, is like no other person's, and yet few other persons please you as much as Adraustus ; you ask me why ?—ask nature.

HOWEVER inferior natures run down superior ones, they never fail paying them the most sincere, as the most involuntary homage whenever they meet without disguise.

WHAT is curiosity ? a strong desire of knowing the object that excites it : how then do you reconcile that universal principle of curiosity with that universal reception of falsehood in mankind ?

I HARDLY know so melancholy a reflection, as that parents are necessarily the sole directors of the management of children, whether they have, or have not, judgment, penetration, or taste, to perform the task.

HAOYK, haoyk, hawrk, hoalow ! poor Furio was a little in his beer, and contrary to his custom, he accosted us, his left
fore

fore finger in his left ear, with this sporting, this deafening vociferation: generally he is rather glum, and you see plainly, for it is plainly to be seen, that the fire and spirit of his character lies a little low: Furio professes himself a lover of his own country, a very patriot; happy turn in a young gentleman possess'd of 3000*l.* per annum! those are the men to do honour to it. D——n their bags and solitaires, says Furio, d——n their operas, their suppers, and their speeches and stuff, there's no taste, no honesty in any of them; they have no soul, by g——d, they have no soul! what has a man of fortune and taste to do with any thing but a pack of fox-hounds, well man'd and well hors'd, and *something* in a *good qualification* upon which he can sport two or three cool hundreds? D——me this is living, and like a gentleman, d——n all their French nonsense say I, by g——d there is not one of them knows a horse from a gelding, or whether he is fourteen fifteen or sixteen hands high; old England say I; thus Furio ran on, and had you heard the tone, the emphasis, with which he utter'd it all, it must have impress'd it

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very

very deeply on your mind as it did on mine: his carriage and dress were quite correspondent to his discourse; and I lamented that a figure which nature had done so much for, should be thus disgraced by false education and ill-directed spirit; he was light, admirably shaped, and made to be genteel; his dress was adapted to his character, extravagant and minutely exact to every rule of taste and elegance, received by the best judges in the class of men to which he belong'd, from head to foot, from his scratch comb'd down to his eyes, to his walking shoe (not pump) with one leather for his heel, and no leather for his toe; he never admitted any, nor did any hints from the repeated knocks he got from intruding stones, (for the toes were so round and flat, he got many) induce him to alter the fashion. In his carriage he had an agreeable flouch beyond description, a determined merit-conscious air, and stood with his long shoes almost straight as well as flat on the ground, and his right hand thrust into his bosom—the elbow a little rounded—within two buttons of the top of his waistcoat, (I mean the *upper*, for he

always wears four,) which was only button'd down to the last two buttons, for that also is the *bel-air*; his talk was generally laconick, yet sturdy; but the chief expression of eloquence lay in a peculiar stile of spitting, occasion'd by the best pig-tail'd quid in the three kingdoms. Alas! poor human nature! how has all the spirit of thy composition been perverted! what an exuberance of fire, life, perhaps taste and merit, had it been rightly directed! I fell into many reflections on human nature, on the force of education, on the negligence of parents and educators, and retir'd; nor thought I more of Furio, when I had once got him out of my head, till the next year a character I met with accidentally, recall'd him to my mind, by the opposition and contrast of it. It was a young man of a pretty figure just landed from France, and to all appearance a French coxcomb, the very reverse of Furio; he held forth on the intolerable rusticity of the English, "they don't know how to live, they can neither walk, sit, nor stand, ah! quelle disgrace! how *coiff'ed*! how *chauff'ed*!" and indeed his shoes were in one respect the very re-

verse of Furio's, for they were so very piqued that they could not fail pinching and squeezing his toes all together; he rav'd about clear fauces, *Entrees, Entremets, Desserts*, what not; every third word was French, *Ecorché* indeed sometimes, but the aim was always perfect; if an *a* came in his way he took care it should be broader than the strongest affectation in a Frenchman would have made it, *je'n suis bien FAAWCHE*; no truer Frenchman as far as heart and inclination could go; every common-place remark against his own country was run over, and none was so odious: ah, thinks I, were Furio here—his friend comes in and accosts him, with my dear Will Furio! I started, stared, wondered, it was he, it was Furio.

PELEUS proposes to himself the character of a fine gentleman, and what think you are in his opinion the requisites necessary to form it? why, happily for Peleus, those which he possesses and no other: Peleus has a *good leg*, a *very good leg*—the calf full, muscular, not too high nor too low, going off handsomely without too sudden

fudden or too considerable a diminution, and this is the principal; but think not that this is all: Accompaniments, ornaments, must attend on this leg in particular and in general on the whole person; he dresses himself like a fine gentleman, and this leg especially employs many happy moments to adorn, and many more to think of. Can you recommend any super-excellent hofier? Peleus don't mind price; do you know where the best morning, afternoon, or boot-stockings, are to be bought? Peleus wants many sorts, particularly ribbed ones—they shew the leg well. O! here he comes,—this is Peleus: did you ever see so neat a leg? the knee at top, delightful! the foot at bottom, divine! if I was a stocking-merchant I would give Peleus half my stock if he would let his leg fit for my sign: you say his stocking looks tight—tight is not the word, I say it looks like his skin; and see how the muscles swell! how firm, how elastic! their influence ascends even to his countenance; do you not see in his face how handsome his legs are? But has Peleus then, as a fine gentleman, nothing but legs to stand upon? nothing quite so perfect,

but yet many excellencies in which he surpasses most other fine gentlemen; in Peleus, there is a correspondency throughout, mind and all. He often dresses after dinner to be compleat in one of the side-boxes at about seven; there he spends most of his evenings, and need he say any thing there? his *accomodage*, his cloaths, his stock exactly plaited and broad, and above all, tight to an almost choaking degree, will not they speak for him? but his legs——true, if you are not in the same box you will not see them, but you may perhaps be able to get into it and then you will, some how or other, I'll answer for it. Peleus is indeed a most finished piece, no Flemish one more so; nor is his taste so confined as you may imagine; he knows and frequents some of the best taverns, nor does he fail to assume a proper dignity, by swearing as loud at the waiters as any man. If he is with ladies he knows the French manner; he will pick his teeth one by one so carelessly, so delicately! or he will whistle so agreeably, he would charm you. His equipage too is made by Butler; and I hear he is actually about another pair of
long

long tails. You ask if Peleus is polite, easy, gallant; if his carriage and conversation have that propriety which distinguishes true good breeding; if he knows all those delicacies of behaviour which are known to so few; that politeness of heart, which like a kind of internal sense, feels as it were all the peculiarities of different circumstances of time, place, and company, still accomodating itself to each with equal softness and dignity; if he possesses above all that natural, that unassumed and unassuming superiority which characterizes the fine gentleman of every country in the world; but to what end are all these questions? I tell you he has got a pair of long tails, and the sign of the leg.

A SENSIBLE man will sometimes, from a kind of habitual fondness, preserve some old room in his house when he is new building it, and so destroy all the symetry and convenience of his edifice: in the same manner also will a sensible man sometimes cleave to some old opinion in his disquisitions into nature and truth, and thus entirely destroy the connection and uniformity of his knowledge.

I KNOW no virtue the want of which may, with respect to almost all its advantages, be so well supplied by a vice as generosity; vanity almost alone will sometimes perform its functions.

ARE there not instances alas! wherein even the well disposed mind that is unhurt at false thinking, will, from the same principle, be unhurt at false acting?

THERE are virtues which if they happen to be ever so little overcharged with alloy, if I may so express myself, or to use another figure, if they have that defect which in a picture might perhaps be only called a loose but masterly manner, can produce nothing to the possessor but endless inconveniency: thus it is ordained, that the poor insect which flies to the light, shall fly to the fire also.

SOME men methinks relish things the more from not understanding them.

PEOPLE do not only enjoy content, and the charms of self-approbation from *acting well*, but, different case! from *thinking* they act well.

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ONE of the greatest philosophers I know in the world is Hermion: ask him the news, what such a great person is doing, who is going out of place, who is coming in, he knows nothing of the matter. *I never meddle with other people's business*, says Hermion, I endeavour to play my own part in the world, that's all I aim at. A very stoic about other people's business; as to his own indeed, stoicism gives way a little to the care of externals. The accumulation of money is his solace, his joy, his—*ne plus ultra*; indifferent to all other things, all his faculties are exerted on this, and with only reversing one word in the sentence he could cry out *virtute mea me involvo*. Hermion has found out the true meaning of the precept, “increase and multiply,” and as fast as his guineas roll in, he takes all due care they shall not roll out; and thus his life wears away in a complacent innocent tranquility; no restless ambition; no loose pleasures; no weak attachments; *he never meddles with other people's business*; and unless you could convince him that the stocks were broke, or his land sunk by an earthquake, you would in vain attempt

tempt to disturb his philosophy. Your Horaces may talk of their *justums* and *tenacems*, Hermion prefers the secret consoling snugness of possession; the interior satisfaction, the philosophic ease resulting from the consciousness of possessed gold; and let what will happen to the surrounding world, secure him but gold, of him too shall you exclaim, *impavidum ferient ruinae*!

THOSE men who are commended by every body must be very extraordinary men, or, which is more probable, very inconsiderable men.

COURAGE often decides sensibly where reason will not, nay where she cannot.

MANY men that have not sense might have sense if they would: to explain the paradox; how numerous are the obstacles from pride and frowardness to reason! and what is reason but truth and sense?

GREAT minds are seldom voluptuous, but great and agreeable minds are almost always so. How much more agreeable was Henry the fourth of France than his minister the Duke du Sully?

Is

Is it then true that man is so unhappy a creature as so many wise men have told us he is? I believe indeed that the causes of happiness are often error and forgetfulness, but of what moment is the nature of the cause if you enjoy the effect?

ARISTARCHUS is charming: how full of knowledge, of sense, of sentiment! you get him with difficulty to your supper, and after having delighted every body and himself for a few hours he is obliged to return home,—he is finishing his treatise which proves, that unhappiness is the portion of man.

THOUGH love is more endearing than friendship yet lovers quarrel more than friends.

AT a concert of music he who has no part to play, but is at liberty to attend to, and contemplate all the others is best off. In the concert of the world it is just contrary.

FINIS *coronat opus.* No maxim so heartily and so generally subscribed to, and
none.

done, if I understand it right, so false: mine should be just contrary, and I would say that it could be only from the merit of the design, from the virtue of the *beginning*, that the prosperous *end* of the work could be justly crowned and applauded. My maxim then should rather be, *Opus coronat finem*.

MAN does not seem to have been designed by nature for a great deal of reflection, it will damp the spirit of his action: Man does seem designed for a certain degree of reflection, it will moderate the impetuosity of it.

"TRUTH will prevail." It may be true; but some people, I believe, think her a very slow worker; and little will the satisfaction of her prevailing be to you, if you happen to be ruined in your reputation or fortune while she is at work.

You prove your generosity much less *at the time* you give than *after it*; nay rather it is after the gift only that you *prove* it at all, for certainly when Tibullus told Crato, he ought to remember that horse he gave him,

him, he at the same time told him that it was not from generosity that he gave him the horse.

It is the great men, the wise men, the good men if you will, who corrupt mankind: for one that has been instructed by their sense, millions have been seduced by their prejudice.

THERE are things so very natural and common, that every one sees them: there are things so very natural and common, that no one sees them.

You deny that man is really so prejudiced as I suppose him, talk to him then of some foreign country, ask him what religion he is of.

MIGHT not most men be as well named boys grown old?

WHAT ideas are attached to these venerable old trees, that reverend ivy-growing wall! what inexpressible delight I feel when I inhabit those mansions of my youth!—The old turrets are destroyed; the trees submitted to the stroke of the ax: Good God! is the delight then of my very soul,
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the enjoyment of a rational being, connected with those stones, those sticks!

THE neglecting to put yourself above those that ought to be inferior to you, will often be as disgusting to those very people, as the not putting yourself under those who ought to be superior to you, will be disgusting to them.

IF you get a title, and 10,000*l.* per annum, you will outshine every body, and every thing; but remember, Flavio, that the very jewels which decorate beauty, make deformity ridiculous.

WE are often surprized when *experience* demonstrates what *reason* had before acknowledged to be true.

BLESS me, said Bromio to Agener, at what a rate your set of horses travel! why we are come seventy miles in eleven hours. Well, replied Agener, and why are you so surprized, did I not come to you last month this very distance in this very time? you may remember I shewed you my watch the moment I came in, and yet you are just as much surprized at this expedition, as if you had not believed the other. I
know

know not, said Bromio, but when one travels the very road one's self, one feels the truth of it methinks more forcibly.

TASTE and *generosity*, what words! do they not in their most extensive meaning, comprehend almost every power of the human heart and understanding?

No wonder we judge of the sensations of other men by our own, since we judge of our future sensations by our present, although we know that we have felt differently from what we do feel with respect to almost every object, and might therefore reasonably infer that we shall do so.

It is not from an acquiescence in what you advance that you should conclude there is a belief of it: while the *principle* of any error remains in the mind, like that of any humour in the body, you may by particular application, stop the progress of it at particular places; but then it will indubitably break out again at others, perhaps at the same.

MAN seems to be made neither to live alone nor with others.

You

You will, I believe, in general ingratiate yourself with others still less by paying them *too much* court than *too little*.

It is perhaps true that women generally come into life with higher ideas of delicacy than men ; but, I believe it true also, that they generally retire from life with lower.

DISAGREEING in little things and agreeing in great ones, is what forms and keeps up a commerce of society and friendship among reasonable men, and among unreasonable men breaks it.

ON the depth of sorrow will sometimes float a superficies of *undissembled* gaiety ; but the sun-shine of joy will never be obscured by the slightest vapour of *real* grief. There is a false joy as there is a feigned voice, and not an unpleasing one, and could I venture so loose a comparison as treble to pleasure, and base to grief, I would say, that though there was a feigned voice in the treble, there was none in the base.

WHEN a man shews his parts properly, he is applauded for it, his confidence was well placed : it is the confidence without knowledge that offends, yet possibly it was
by

by mere good fortune that they went together, if you ever *once* find him confident and ignorant, be assured of it.

A VERY small offence may be a just cause for great resentment; it is often much less the particular instance which is obnoxious to us, than the proof it carries with it of the general tenour and disposition of the mind from whence it sprung.

THOUGH love and hatred are as opposite as fire and water, yet do they sometimes subsist in the breast together towards the same person, nay by their very opposition and desire to destroy each other, are they strengthened and increased.

WHAT a strange thing is a populace! now madly crying for this thing, then for t'other, and never knowing why for any: we who are not populace are struck with indignation or contempt, or perhaps with pity, at this disgraceful folly of the human species. But is it so certain that we who are not populace do not often do exactly the same thing, only that our cry is on higher subjects? as a piece of music is still

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the same though it be taken an octave or a key higher.

IT is not enough that you can form nay and follow the most excellent rules for conducting yourself in the world, you must also know when to deviate from them, and where lies the exception.

THE worst office you could do to some men, would be to cure them of what is ridiculous about them. An edifice is bad that has a bad support it is true, but what will it be if it has no support at all?

IT is a melancholy consideration, that if either the mind or the body has any peculiar malady which cannot be eradicated, though it be sometimes suspended, that malady will be liable to be renewed by almost every other that may befall it.

THE common contrivances of cunning, put me in mind of the preservative instinct I have sometimes observed in beasts, which lays a plot that is extremely artful and well-concealed in many parts, but at the same time left so open in some one, that it is perfectly easy for superior intelligence to see and

and understand the whole complication of the contrivance.

WHEN men, for whom we have a well-grounded contempt, at the same time condemn us, (no uncommon case!) it becomes humour and makes us laugh.

OUR present evil is generally thought the worst of our evils, and all our own evils worse than other peoples.

IT is infinitely less from *what*, then from *how* you conceive, that the superiority of your nature will be demonstrated.

THERE are men in whom you would spoil all by reducing them to what *you call* regularity, they are born and designed to be otherwise, and while vulgar eyes look upon them as they do on comets as unnatural and monstrous; those of superior discernment only admire in both the uncommon yet wise direction of nature.

I ADMIRE the very thing perhaps in one writer which I disregard in another, for when I know that my author thinks deeply, my mind is constantly exerted to comprehend every sentiment in its whole extent,

with all its connections and consequences; I then see that it is full, it is just, it is important, and I not only apprehend but feel what he tells me. But when I know that my author sees only the superficies of things, and satisfies himself with it, I look for nothing that does not float on the surface of his expressions; I read with the same inertness that I impute to the writer, and what I do not expect I do not find though by chance it may be there.

CLITANDER seems to have said, or rather nature seems to have said to him, "you shall not be old." He is now three or four and forty, yet he looks like a young fellow and acts like a *very* young fellow: nay, and what is still more extraordinary, acting like a very young fellow becomes him. Most men of four and thirty are much too old for him, he keeps company only with very young fellows—like himself. In one word, not to disguise his character by palliative terms, he is a *rake*: genteel, easy, soft, even modest with ladies, he is a reveller and a *rake*: late hours, free living, I confess, are his favourites; but—
I

I know not how, they scarce disgrace him. Brave as Cæsar, he is yet as peaceable as Fribble; it is almost impossible to quarrel with him. He is always good humoured, and the chief, almost the only thing he requires of you is to sit up with him. Every one blames Clitander aloud, and yet tacitly, and involuntarily absolves him. Nature is too strong for reason, and Clitander forces you (unless you are a very dull dog indeed) to smile even while you shake your head at his irregularities. Ay—there he is walking along on the other side of the way: you see his dress is the most careless in the world, and yet how elegantly genteel he is in it! as if he was elegantly genteel whether he would or no; what a pretty figure too!—its now two o'clock, and depend upon it, he is but just out of his bed,—or the round-house. Its a pity however he does not take to another sort of life, that is certain; and who knows? when he is a middle aged man of a hundred perhaps he will. It is odd, yet this very life which you almost approve in Clitander, you despise in Valerius, who is near twenty years younger. What think you if Clitander was to cut off his hair, wear a tie-wig, and go

into the house of commons, would you be charmed with the decent dignity of his new character?——Clitander is a comet.

I HAVE often heard it said, yet never believed it, such a one writes sensible, or witty letters, but has neither wit or sense. Does he who says this consider how many things may have led him to mistake in his account? Is he sure that he has not thought a letter sensible or witty which was neither? or, if he has not made that mistake, is he sure that the conversation in which he did not remark wit or sense was really without sense or wit? or is he sure that his own *real* deficiency may not have been the cause of an *apparent* one in his friend, by giving his abilities no opportunity to come into play? has he in short considered that every effect must have its cause, and that nothing is more evidently true than that *ex nihilo nil fit*?

It often happens that there is an infallible remedy for a disorder of the body, but that some other disorder makes the application of it impossible. Is not this equally the case with many disorders of the mind?

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THE only way of acquiring the knowledge of truth is to discourage the first intrusion of every deceit; what knowledge then will men acquire by whom every one is encouraged?—but I mistake, for every man will tell me he never encourages any.

THE mind has often a strong appetite and a weak digestion as well as the body, so that science degenerates into error, as food into morbid qualities.

WHATEVER natural right men may have to freedom and independency, it is manifest that some men have a *natural* ascendancy over others.

WHEN we are strongly prepossessed that a character has some particular cast or quality, the very reasons which naturally tend to destroy that opinion will often serve to confirm it.

THERE is something so satisfactory in the indulgence of natural passions that even grief seems to have a strange kind of pleasure, if I may so express myself, belonging to it.

THE language of Gelon is—"it is—you must—I know," and no man knows *less* than Gelon: the language of Lælius is—"it seems

“—you may—I believe,” and no man knows *more* than Lælius.

NOTHING so different as envy and contempt, and yet nothing so common as to endeavour to persuade others, nay nothing so common as really to persuade ourselves, that we despise those whom we envy.

O TEMPORA! O *mores*! O! the profligacy the luxury, the venality of this age! cried the unvenal Misanthres, who sold out declamations on virtue, honour, and patriotism, for bread and cheese; and he wrote, and wrote, and wrote, till he had persuaded himself that all the rants of his abusive and injurious pen were precepts of equal authority with those of the twelve tables; he dealt about him, he thundered like a little God of this nether world, and all in the cause of greatness of soul. Nay, I would not swear that there were not certain moments of enthusiastic rapture, when he really mistook the elevated situation of his garret, for a station superior to that of the vile nobility whom he so particularly honoured with his distinctions. Then there was a certain house, a certain rendezvous, near the palace which
even

even raised his humorous contempt. O! the wretches that haunt it are one and all infamous scoundrels thinks Misanthes, and gives them a sneer, a something of a witty stroke of contempt. It happened that a certain very profligate frequenter of that certain house, a great man, had some business with Misanthes, and appointed him to attend on the morrow at his *hotel*. At the very moment of appointment, he appeared at the noble's study door. And behold Misanthes! have you ever seen a dog walk about a room on his hinder legs, keeping with difficulty from crawling on all four, and still bending forward all the way he went? as like as two peas—I mean the patriot and the dog. If the noble spoke, the answer was ready long before the question was asked,—and the sweetest humility! did you ever hear a certain loose, but humorous French song, in which a capuchin fryar is supposed to die, and travel to not the most desirable of the two other worlds, where as soon as he arrives, he is accosted by the black monarch, with—*Capucin?—plait il*, in great humility says the capuchin, *plait il Monseigneur?*

ASK

Ask the good driver of what consequence it will be for you to hit the quarter when your carriage is heavy, and the ruts are deep at the *very instant* of changing; he will tell you that if you do not then hit the quarter, you may drag on with difficulty for miles together; and it may be just as material for you to seize *one* opportunity of serving yourself in the world, the neglecting of which may leave you to drudge on in difficulties and distress for years afterwards.

MODESTY, non-pretension, and delicacy of behaviour when joined to the accidental dignity of riches, and an elevated station, will certainly succeed and be admired; but when joined only to intrinsic dignity, without those accidental advantages, they will serve perhaps, only to hide that dignity in an obscure station. The very qualities then which make you admired at the top of the world, might have served also, however you deserve to be there, to have kept you from the top of the world.

ONE is sometimes tempted to think that there is a kind of compensation of advantage

tage even between knowledge and ignorance: how often is knowledge disappointed of its most rational expectations, and ignorance gratified in those that are irrational and extravagant?

WE often act as if we fancied that persuasion would be in proportion to vehemence; yet do we not observe, that the player who over-acts, affects us still less than he that under-acts?

IF a particular branch of a tree grows out so luxuriantly as to rob the other parts of their nourishment, we call it a deformity in the tree; and we do the same when the like accident happens to the human body; ought we not also in the same case, to hold the same opinion of the mind, notwithstanding the contrary has generally prevailed?

IT is so much in the nature of men to over-reach and deceive one another, that their very sports and plays are founded on that principle.

WE never play so well at any game of address, as when we are not at all anxious to play well; nay, as when we don't know
that

that we play well ; is not this as true in the game of life ?

IT would be doing cunning too much honour to call it an inferior species of true discernment : every good quality seems to be mimicked by some mock quality that is bad. Cunning then is a mock discernment : as we read of a certain wild beast who has another ready to assist him in his robberies, so is one bad quality of the mind often assisted by another, and cunning is the Jackall of perfidy ; when cunning appears therefore, we should always suspect its companion to be near.

I HAVE often heard people wish to see such or such famous persons who are dead, as particular rarities in human nature, which had produced no other like them, but what if they see such continually, and it is *the occasion* only, which brought the character into play, that they should wish to see ?

IT is infinitely less the thing which makes you applaud the man that says it, than it is the man who makes you applaud the thing that is said. This you say is obvious ; granted : but I speak of the

the *degree*, and to you who think it *obvious*.

HE may be called a *good* musician who is capable of following a certain key properly and well, and possibly going from it into others which plainly and naturally offer themselves in their connection with it. But he only can be called a *great* musician, who is capable of seeing the connection of keys which do not plainly offer themselves, and yet exist in nature, and have an effect on the hearer, delicate and refined in proportion to the nicety of that connection. Is not this observation exactly applicable to the understanding?

WERE I to compose a triumvirate of great and similar geniuses, I would put together three men whom you may possibly think utterly unlike each other; I mean Swift, the man of fun, president Montesquieu the philosopher, and Scarlatti the musician. What discoveries did they make of distant connections and beauties, till then unknown, each in the different course of nature he pursued, and therefore how similar and how great is the triumvirate!

THERE

THERE is methinks a *sense* as well as a *man* of fashion.

THERE is a French word which it is the fashion to ridicule and laugh at, and which notwithstanding, I would give my vote for adopting as an English one. It is in my opinion as expressive, as extensive in its meaning, and as little known here as any in the French language, I mean the word *ton*; I see methinks a good or a bad *ton* in every thing that is said, written, or acted, and a man will discover one or the other by the very manner of holding up his finger, or putting out his leg. The *ton* is that which gives the stamp of grace or awkwardness to all we say or do. The *bon ton* is that which is necessary to the ornament of the writings, the carriage, the actions of all the world.

A *MAUVAIS ton*, to a man of a *bon ton*, is what discord is to a good ear.

DON'T you think Lætitia, that Florimel is a very pretty gentleman! O? vastly so, so French! true, vastly French—he has *l'aile du pigeon*. I'll tell you a secret Lætitia, but don't divulge it, for the sake of

your friends——*l'aile' du pigeon* is 'not French. Oh! but it is though, else I'm sure Florimel would not wear it. Well, perhaps it is French, but however, it is the French of the *Garçons Caffetiers* and the *Commis*. Well, replied Lætitia, I was sure it was French, and indeed—it's vastly pretty.

I HARDLY know any thing so ridiculous as the assumed caution of a fool who has found himself deceived by you, or so sure of defeating its own end.

DEMONSTRATION is by no means a match for selfishness, and often have I envied the person whose selfishness has withstood the force of demonstration; how happy sometimes is such blindness, or if you will, such meanness! and how fallible therefore is the maxim "virtue is its own reward."

WE are generally willing to give up a particular opinion in proportion as the majority of our opinions are good, and unwilling in proportion as they are bad, it seems as if this ordination reversed would have been happier.

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THE jockey will discourse by the hour on horses from generation to generation, the hunter on chases with all their appurtenances, the farmer on grain and tillage, the politician on politics, and so on, it is natural; but there is one sort of man that will talk, nay with pleasure, on the very contrary of what he does every day, and all day long. I mean the ungenerous and unreasonable man.

BEING *common-place* is perhaps generally less a proof of a thing's being too obvious and trivial, than of its being striking and important; for how striking must that observation be which every body makes? and at the same time how necessary is it still to inculcate the lesson contained in it which has never yet been carried into practice?

THERE is a kind of vanity and affectation, than which I know nothing more disgusting to others, or comfortable to ourselves.

I HARDLY know a sight that raises ones indignation more than that of an enlarged soul, joined to a contracted fortune, unless

it be that so much more common one, of a contracted soul joined to an enlarged fortune.

WE ought to confess our faults; true: but to whom? to generosity. How often then should we confess our faults?

SAYS Philintus, what can be the meaning of it! 'tis certainly so—the world is not fond of me; and yet God knows I do all I can to please every body; I study the humour of every body, and endeavour to indulge it; I omit no opportunity of doing pleasure or service, and yet, I see it plainly, the world does not like me—its very ungrateful though after all;—d——n the world—rot me if ever I bestow another moment's attention or thought upon it!—thus Philintus resolved; from that moment every body was delighted with him.

THE head and heart corrupt, or improve each other.

HELLUO has a heart rather cold, and a head tolerably sensible; Narcissus has a heart rather warm, and a head intolerably foolish: Helluo's understanding directs him to do that which others think right; he sees how

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proper it is to do so, nay, how much it is for his own credit and interest, and however his selfishness may prompt him to sacrifice others to himself, yet he has too much good sense to do it, when the wrong would be too gross either to be concealed or palliated; in such cases therefore he is govern'd by reason, and in spite of inclination, he does as he ought to do; but as Helluo does right only from policy, Narcissus does right merely from instinct: Narcissus is not without a certain warmth and fellow-feeling for others, and therefore his wishes and inclinations towards them are almost always favourable, except when their interest immediately and manifestly clashes with his own; he never yet did any thing because he ought to do it, nor is he able to judge what ought to be done, and therefore whenever his heart wants warmth to prompt him to do right, his understanding never hinders his doing wrong; hence he will sometimes do wrong, when in mere policy he should do right, at other times he may do right, when a better man on the whole would do wrong. Nothing then is so different as the heads and hearts of Helluo
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and Narcissus; but there is, it seems, a certain degree of kindness without sense, and a certain degree of sense without kindness, which with respect to the merit of the actions they produce, will weigh to a grain alike, in the scales of reason and justice.

THE impertinent and the captious are perhaps more offensive at the time they are not impertinent or captious than when they are. Had you not rather that Damocles's sword should e'en fall upon your head than sit under it in continual fear of its falling?

How different are DELICACY and CAPTIOUSNESS! and yet how often are they confounded by ourselves and others! he who is offended at the omission of what he had no right to expect, and he who feels the minutest neglect of what he ought to receive, will certainly consider their sensations as the effect of the same principle: yet it is manifest that the two principles which really produce them differ in the same degree as right and wrong; but they who *offend* will perhaps as often confound captiousness and delicacy as they that *are offended*: for as

they always suppose their own conduct to be *right*, it will necessarily follow that they will impute to the delicate man, who justly resents it as *wrong*, the touchiness of the captious man who condemns it *without reason*. Thus then will these two things be continually call'd the same, yet see how different they are in their natures; **DELICACY** which by an exquisite sense feels that a certain refinement is *due* to itself from others, is not only urged by that very sense to *bestow* it more freely upon them, but is also guarded against *requiring* more than is its *due*: **CAPTIOUSNESS** which on the contrary does *require* a concession from others of more than is its *due*, is by that very principle prompted to *give* them less than is theirs. **DELICACY** never is deceived by mere appearances of offence, nay it allows for the ignorance, deficiency, and mistakes of other mens minds; **CAPTIOUSNESS** resents improprieties which are perhaps altogether ideal, and which supposing them to exist, are measured not by reason but pride. **DELICACY** finds its resource in itself for real injuries, **CAPTIOUSNESS** is wounded by imaginary ones: **DELICACY** is sensible and
exalted

exalted, CAPTIOUSNESS foolish and mean.

THE most selfish thing I know in the world is generosity; but what a selfishness!

THERE are things belonging to us which are called misfortunes, whose bad effect falls chiefly on other people, and things which are call'd faults whose bad effect falls chiefly on ourselves; a stinking breath, for instance, is other people's punishment, and ill-humour our own.

COLDNESS is often call'd pride, and timidity folly.

THINGS have so many different aspects, not to mention the different dispositions of the same mind, that the most reasonable man must be liable to contradict himself.

THEY who quarrel often must have *L'esprit faux* as well as *L'esprit chagrin*.

WE have seen an actor often perform the character of a villain; we have also seen a great man or woman at the top of the world crowded by attendants and servants, and another at the bottom of the world poor, oppressed, and disregarded; we do not fail

after this prepossession to pronounce that the first looks like a rogue, the second very noble, and the third very mean.

THE pleasure of an action is not always in proportion to the advantage gain'd by it.

IMPERTINENCE is, I confess it, a *good* method for the great to keep up their consideration and respect in the world, but not *the best*.

It's a hard task for a man to say *I don't know*; it hurts his pride: but should not the *pretending he does* hurt it much more?

As there is a *no* which the man of gallantry perfectly understands to mean *yes*, so is there a *yes* which the man of delicacy perfectly understands to mean *no*. In the first instance, if you have any discernment you will discover that while the lips refuse, the heart concedes, and you will therefore be little mortify'd by the refusal. In the last instance, if you have any feeling you will discern that while the lips grant, the heart denies, and you will be as little flattered by the concession.

SERVICES which are bestowed rather from politeness than inclination are more
irksome

irkfome to him that receives, than him that bestows them.

THE last time of seeing a man agreeable or disagreeable, who is equally one or the other, almost entirely fixes our opinion of his character.

MANY a man would be less clever, infinitely less agreeable, for learning to reason.

WHAT is the foundation of our opinion? numberless things, sometimes reason.

WE often judge from our feeling when we should feel, or at least form our opinion, from our judgment.

WHAT a strange thing is this French opera! does it not excite laughter rather than any other emotion? what strange breaks! what unexpected gusts of sound! how inexpressive of that tenderness to which music is so peculiarly adapted! and yet this is *Chassé*, the singer whose expression is so much admired; but a love-scene is coming on, and there is the divine *Gelliant*; listen, I beseech you, to that tender part which you see by your book he is going to

perform : still worse and worse you say, and in short I find that this tender, this best part of all, offends you more than any other ; this singing disgusts you in proportion as it delights them, for their notion of perfection being directly opposite to yours, the nearer they approach it in their opinion, the farther you think they are from it. But will you declare at Paris that *Gelliant* displeases you ? be persuaded, leave them to their transports, and pass not for a Hottentot. But after all, you say, that this singing is detestable ; I ask why ? you answer again that it displeases you. That it displeases you I will readily allow, but that you therefore justly condemn it I may possibly doubt ; and let me ask you in my turn whether you have sufficiently considered what is absolutely, and what is only relatively good or bad. There is in nature no criterion by which questions of taste can be determined : when we say that the expression of such or such singing is tender, we use a relative term, and that expression which excites tender sensations is tender with respect to those in whom the sensation is excited, though with respect to another

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in whom it produces no such sensation it is not tender. I say *alum* is an acid, and I prove it by shewing that it turns syrup of violets red, but if I say alum is sour, how must I prove that? I bid you taste it, you say it is sweet, what am I to do then? there is nothing to which I can appeal but the taste of others, the testimony of which you will never admit against your own. The debate between us therefore could have no end; and in the same endless debate was all Paris lately engaged, when one party was contending for the Italian, and another for the French music; neither of them considered that nature had not ordained the same sounds to raise the same sensations in all minds, and therefore that different nations must have chosen different tones, both in speaking and singing, to excite the same passions, and express the same meaning; and this indeed is the fact; let it however be observed that I speak only of the expression, taste, and manner, not of the composition, for they must not be confounded; an interrogation for instance is expressed by one tone in Italy, by another in France, and by a third, equally different, in England,

so that the truest manner of asking a question on the English stage would be the most absurd on the French, and *vice versa*. It is just the same in music, for we find that songs which a lover of the Italian manner thinks the most tender, striking, and expressive, and those which almost alone constitute what can be called music, are the very songs at which a lover of the French manner is most displeased; and the reason is plain, the expression is stronger, consequently more touching to the person who has adopted it, and proportionably more grating to them who have adopted another that is widely different. I know indeed how little I shall be credited when I say that both these modes of expression are equally right, because most men precipitately judge for others from their own *feelings*, and in this case determine that the sounds which raise certain sensations in them, *ought* to raise the same sensations in others. The French disputants went farther, they both determined that their own music had most expression in *itself*, because it had most expression

pression *to them*, but one party contended for the gaiety of the Italian; so that probably those who had the least natural taste for music, defended Italian music, while it was opposed by those who had most; thus prejudice and precipitancy produce error, and thus error overwhelms truth.

THERE are qualities which are quite unobserved in one situation, by the very people who would admire them in another where certain advantageous circumstances serve as glasses to assist their sight.

THERE are men who will be fair and impartial about themselves, when they are reflecting calmly by themselves, but the misfortune is, that it is not *then* their impartiality is wanted.

SOME women destroy all your sensibility towards them by their coldness, others by their heat.

A FOOL often gets the better of a man of sense merely by his being despised and disregarded; as the Dutch while they took proper care to secure the considerable parts
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of their bulwarks against the sea, had like to have been destroyed by the worms they overlooked.

NOTHING is a stronger proof of the prejudice of education than that men who are born in despotic governments, will stretch their imaginations to devise arguments against those that are free, since in that instance prejudice is stronger even than self-interest.

IT is an unhappy, and yet I fear a true reflection, that they who have uncommon easiness and softness of temper have seldom very noble and nice sensations of soul.

A SOFT temper much oftener proceeds from an insensibility of meanness, than a fierce temper does from an abhorrence of it.

No wonder we love disguised flattery when we love it even when it is known.

MISFORTUNES, and the natural consequence of them, ill-usage, may convert a *good* temper into a *bad* one; but why does
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prosperity and good-usage turn a *bad* temper into a *worse*?

It is in numberless instances happier to have a false opinion which we believe true, than a true one of which we doubt.

MOST men have more courage than even they themselves think they have.

THE heaviness of grief is rarely distinguished from that of stupidity.

WE should do by our cunning as we do by our courage, always have it ready to defend ourselves, never to offend others.

THERE is a study for which I would give up the whole study of the schools, and let me add that it is the easiest, the most useful, as well as the most neglected study in the world: connection.

No wonder that men are satisfied with *one* false, or at best dubious light of a thing, since they are so often with *two* that are contradictory.

WHAT man so mean as to suffer himself to be called liar! yet where is truth?

I HAVE almost always observed people's *professions*, nay sometimes I could almost think even their *sense* of generosity has been strong, in proportion as their own generosity has been weak; this puts one in mind of the grove call'd *Lucus à non lucendo*. But what does it proceed from? a consciousness of defect which it is intended to hide? or an excess of self-love, which exaggerates the virtue in proportion as it finds more force necessary to practise it? as to me I should think that both are generally concurrent causes of the contradiction.

OUR admiration is generally rather in proportion to our present ignorance of what we admire, than the difficulty of knowing it.

ARE not some of the wonderful acts of policy in government, which we admire as the pinnacle of human sagacity, to some common acts what the casting up a sum in pounds is, to the casting up one in shillings?

WHAT is profusion and odious, what is ostentation and despicable in one man, is some-

sometimes a noble liberality and a becoming dignity in another. I have said we should *feel* from our *judgment*, let me then offer my exception and say, we should *judge* from our *feeling*.

No fruit has a more precise mark'd period of maturity than love; if neglected to be gather'd at that time, it will certainly fall to the ground and die away.

THE greatest slave in a kingdom is generally the king of it.

THERE are men, if I may be allowed so strange a paradox, who would be more agreeable, if they were less so.

LOVE will sacrifice more to others than friendship, but then it exacts more from them.

COURAGE, it must be confessed, sometimes seems to coincide but ill with reason, but then it is from being superior to it.

IF ever obstinacy and wrongheadedness assume, nay *acquire*, the honourable titles of resolution and steadiness, surely it is in the spirit of party.

MINUCIUS is an ancient gentleman who declares aloud for the honest plain dealing of our fore-fathers, and against all the new-fangled inventions of their children; he has never conformed to any alteration, he has not even changed the make of his clothes these thirty years, and has therefore been often forced in and out of the fashion, by old time, as the same mode has been renewed, abolished, and renewed again: a Smart was lately surprized to see old Minucius in short *jemmy* ruffles as soon as himself; and but a few years ago these same short ruffles were laughed at, as a mark of the old Don's singularity. On a Sunday Minucius goes constantly to church, but he seems to think it equally his duty to have beef and pudding for his Sunday's dinner; this in his opinion, is a very considerable part of orthodox christianity: besides, he talks of beef as the foundation not only of the vigour, but even of the virtues of his countrymen, and he thinks there is no beef but in England. As to politics, he calls himself a tory, as his father did; not a jacobite but a tory; for his father did not call himself a jacobite; the critical difference he must give you himself,

himself, all I know is, that he never gave a vote with any ministry upon any occasion, or ever will. There is a village within two or three miles of his seat which no man, except a certain judge, has driven through of time immemorial, for the road is impassable; it happened that some courtier proposed a turnpike to mend it, and Minucius, with the heroic virtue of a Roman patriot, has promoted such an opposition to the project, as would charm you. No man so steady as Minucius; he is indeed one of the honestest men in England, and he shews it, you see, the right way, not in private, but in public life. He is in short, a man to be relied upon; the very mirror of constancy: his gardens are still full of green peacocks, green pyramids, green minced pyes, and green statues. He lights his fires on Michaelmas day, and would not for the Indies light them before. Nay I question, if we could suppose nature in a waggish mood should make winter and summer change places, whether honest Minucius would not shudder at his window from May to September, and swelter by his fire from September to May. O! he is a

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most steady man! I was lately at the county meeting, and being asked for my bumper-toast; Sir, said I, if you please I'll give you *honest* Mr. Minucius.

MAY not the reports circulated in the world, be compared to the different casts of an intaglio or bust, which are taken one under another, and grow weak in proportion to their distance from the originals? may not also the smatterers in politics and news, who tell you, with an air of profound penetration and great importance, the imperfect stories which they have imperfectly learned from paltry retailers, be compared to the smatterers in taste, who admire the dead spiritless produce of the shadowy mould, and value themselves upon it?

OF how little value is the faculty of demonstrating a falsity in the reasoning or acting of another, compared to the power of hearing false reasoning, and seeing false acting without pain!

WHEN we accuse men of loving scandal, let us however consider, and allow for the disproportion of numbers, between the proper subjects of praise and blame.

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It by no means follows, that he who has more agreeable qualities than another; is therefore more agreeable; any more than that the painter who has the richest colours to work with, shall therefore make the best colour'd picture.

WE often persuade ourselves that we dislike people we really like, and that we like people we really dislike.

THE old world and the new have been incessantly canvassing the question, " what makes man happy." But I never heard that either disputed what meat would best gratify his palate; and yet it is as clear that the same things will not make all men happy, as that the same meats will not please all palates.

PEOPLE are very apt to compare their present situation with the best that is past, or with a better of other people's, whereas quite the contrary would always be more politic, and generally more reasonable.

It is sometimes happy for selfish people that you value yourself; they gain from that principle what they could not possibly obtain on their own accounts.

I HAVE read in books of travels of certain beasts of prey who are exceeding fleet but cannot turn, and of other beasts who are not fleet, but have a facility of turning, by which they escape them: They put me in mind of two sorts of understandings.

THERE are faults in others we are often indulgent to; I mean those which have a connection with our own.

HABIT is the cement of society, the comfort of life, and alas! the root of error.

YOU say that you are going to do something which to your friends and the world appears wrong, but that you can easily produce arguments which will prove it to be right: take my advice then, do it first and prove it to be right afterwards; or rather do it without proving it to be right at all; and believe me, the world will be much sooner satisfied by your doing what you choose to do without producing any arguments in defence of it, possibly even without your having any, than by the plainest demonstration, that you ought to do what they

they have previously determined you should not do.

As our circumstances, company or place change, and still more as time advances, we fancy all nature changes: thus children believe that objects on shore retire from them when they are in a ship that is under full sail, and leaving the objects.

To divest one's self of some prejudices, would be like taking off the skin to feel the better.

THE mind's eye is perhaps no better fitted for the full radiance of truth, than is the body's for that of the sun.

WE should do by stories that are told us as by goods in a shop, make some abatement of course, however ignorant we may be of their true value.

WIT catches of wit, as fire of fire.

THE mirth of fools inspires melancholy.

WHAT is become of Argastes? he is dead: of Hermagoras? dead: of Fulvius? dead: of Corinna, Philon, Fulvia, Pithius, and all that set with whom I have passed so many pleasing hours? they are all dead.

Dead? all dead? all fallen round me? good God! and am I then alive? how have I escaped in so general a mortality? what a number! all walking, talking, enjoying—it was but yesterday—to day all gone, never to return! I too must follow them—alas! I *know* that I *must* follow them.—But when? I know not when.—Soon: yes, I know to demonstration that it will be soon. And is not this inevitable, this near dissolution, shocking to my nature? nothing is so strong as my attachment to life, and must not then my abhorrence and dread of death by a *necessary* consequence be proportionably strong? yes, certainly, says reason, yet hear and wonder, experience says no. For who lives in this fear? who feels this consequential dread of necessary dissolution? no one. And why? because it was kindly ordained that in this instance we should be inconsistent; because nature has given us a happy insensibility where reason would not have been able to supply us with fortitude; for change the institution of nature, to which she has thus adapted our minds, ever so minutely, nay change it in favour of life, and the terrors of anticipated

anticipated death will have all their force. For suppose you was to be told that you should certainly live thirty years, but that at the end of thirty years you should be beheaded, and suppose your age to be now sixty; would you accept the composition? or if you *knew* this to be your *fate*, would you be as easy as if you were left to the *chance* of nature? no certainly; death would be every moment anticipated with anxiety and terror; and yet if you have now lived sixty years, the odds are very great that you will not live thirty more; it is therefore very great odds that you gain several years of life by such a bargain: and if your cheerful resignation in one case was the effect of reason, it follows that your resignation would be more cheerful in the other. If it be objected, that though it is morally certain you will not live to be an hundred and fifty, yet it is physically possible that you may live to be three hundred, and that a secret hope of this possibility would determine your choice for the contingency; I answer, that our choice would in no other case be determined by such an hope; for suppose you was offered

either one thousand pounds certain, or as many times fifty pounds as you should throw the same number successively with a pair of dice, you would not surely choose the contingency because there is a mere physical possibility that you may continue to throw the same number till you win two thousand. And yet the two cases are exactly parallel if the term of life offered to be ensured is put at more than an hundred. Yes, believe me, the removing some prejudices would be like taking off the skin to feel the better.

OF two men one may have a right opinion of a thing, the other a wrong, and yet he that holds the right opinion may have less knowledge of the subject than he that holds the wrong. The reason is, he that has examined it but a little way may not have come to the difficulties which embarrass the truth and perplex him that has examined farther. And these difficulties being such, as *perfect* knowledge only can surmount, and a *little* knowledge cannot see, the two extremities, deep knowledge and great ignorance may form the same judgment.

It

It is in love that we prove the first pleasure is melancholy, and the first eloquence silence.

THE opinions of men of great abilities are respectable *before* they have given their reasons for them, but *afterwards* they are upon a level with the opinions of other men, for they will *then* depend upon the reasons for support, not upon the authority of the character.

THINGS that are advanced persuade less in general from their own force upon us, than from that which they appear to have had on the mind of him who relates them.

ALMOST every virtue leads to a vice; so that he who did not perceive where one began and the other ended, was, even at the time he was exercising what is called a virtue, properly speaking, only in the road to vice.

GOOD-HUMOUR shews itself even in ill-humour.

PARMENIO'S contracted taste is charm'd with the piece of music when not a deviation

viation from harmony offends his ear; with the high finished picture where each very hair is expressed; with the face where no one feature is out of proportion. Philemon's enlarged taste is charmed with the most unexpected note of a Scarlatti; with the single stroke of the pencil of a Caracci; with the grace and expression of beauty wherever he finds it. The two tastes go on thus differing about all arts, all sciences, and all nature.

SOME men tempt me to say—Ambition is the coxcomicalness of good sense and old age.

SOME characters are like some bodies in chymistry; very good perhaps in themselves, yet fly off and refuse the least conjunction with each other.

WE can in general be much less sure of the truth of a thing than of the falsehood; because though every part we have seen may agree, yet we cannot tell how many may be behind, and one failure of connection will be sufficient to falsify the whole.

THE

THE *first* thing with men is the *fide* they take; the *second*, the arguments for it.

MAN is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter; is he not also the only one that deserves to be laughed at?

WHAT an advantage have some artists, from the very nature of their art, over others! charming Kent! how beautiful is that green lawn, bounded by those venerable oaks and beaches! how elegant is that Grecian temple which terminates yonder vista; on the other hand, what a thicket of odoriferous shrubs rises in the middle of that level green, mixing innumerable variegated colours, and breathing all the fragrancy of nature! every sense is delighted, and your pleasure again breaks out in spontaneous encomiums on the artist whose works you have not yet exhausted. You strike into the solemn shade of a tall grove, and as you walk on you are suddenly surprized with a steep descent, and at the bottom you discover a gloomy cavern: the scenes have now given a romantic turn to your fancy, and you expect some syl-

van

van god, or at least some venerable druid to walk forth and accost you. You pursue your walk through the mazes of the wood, and give yourself up to the power of imagination, almost persuaded that you wander among the prodigies of enchantment. Your ear is now alarmed by the fall of water, and now you see it, rolling down the steep, in a copious and perpetual stream, which appears to have been the sport of nature, from the beginning of time : you turn, and in a moment the water is heard no more : the grove which involved you in its gloom is vanished, and a glade opens before you, spotted with deer, and diversified with clumps of trees that are too distant to mingle their shades with each other ; the skies are here reflected by a level lake, and there invaded by a tow'ring obelisk that seems to glory in its elevation : you look round and see the happy vale almost inclosed by a hollow hanging wood, which is itself overlooked by a temple that seems the worthy habitation of a god. You gain the summit by an easy and almost imperceptible ascent, and a new world opens before you ! fertile vallies, craggy steps,

and

and winding waters, diversify the scene.—
 Your soul is shaken by the immensity of
 prospect! you descend, and before you are
 aware lose yourself in a thicket, where the
 blossom of every shrub sheds its fragrant
 foliage in your bosom, and unnumbered
 flowers spring up under your feet. The
 brown bark of the taller tree blushes with
 the damask hue of the interwoven rose, and
 the climbing woodbine repays the support
 that she borrows with the redolence of
 spring. A gentle water steals through its
 winding way with a slow and silent pace,
 washing the foot of a light and airy build-
 ing, inspiring not awe but pleasure, adorned
 with all the luxuriance of exhausted art;
 varied shells, sparkling crystals, brown fossils,
 and many coloured gems decorate its gay
 pillars: surely you cry this is enchantment!
 The dreams of poets are now realized, the
 nymphs and fawns will shortly rush from
 their retreats, I shall hear the rural music
 of the golden age, and trace immortal
 beauties through the mazes of the dance!
 But the melody of the birds now ceases,
 the setting sun tinges the distant hills with
 a golden hue, and the woods are deepened
 with

with a browner shade; you once more re-collect your real situation, and you once more offer up your ejaculatory praise to Kent, to whose art you impute the beauties of nature, and whom you honour as the genius to whose power you owed your delight. You do not reflect that it was not the power of Kent that raised that mighty range of hills, and covered them with that venerable wood; that Kent did not give the valley its springs, nor break the rock into craggs; that Kent has no influence over that glorious planet, from which all life and all beauty is derived, which gives fertility to the ground, taste to the peach, and colour to the rose.—Happy artist, and happy art! to be thus employed on that which at once disposes every heart to rejoice, and every tongue to commend; while the WIT has no chance to please but by the happy assemblage of things in themselves indifferent or displeasing; of *words* which derive all their force and beauty merely from their arrangement, whose work can never much please till the whole connection is known, and whom all men before they can

can be thus pleased are impatient to condemn.

ALAS, poor Crito! how gay, how sensible, how witty! thus was he esteemed by every one, and happy were they who enjoyed his company; he amused, he shone, he entertained, and yet never overwhelmed: often have I been delighted with his conversation; and in short, he was universally esteemed a man of wit and sense. Strange and sudden transition! last night was he pronounced a fool; his play was damned.

WHAT a paradox to the contracted mind! often has a fault been the proof of virtue, and an error of sense.

POPE says,

‘ For forms of government let fools contest,
‘ Whate’er is best administer’d is best.

but are all *equally calculated* to be well administered? or if all were well administered would all be *equally good*?

THOSE who play a part in a conversation are, in one particular, like those who play a part in a concert; for though they *hear* the other parts, yet they *pay* very little *attention* to any but their own.

THEY

THEY that seldom take pleasure, seldom give pleasure.

ONE thing seems to be true of pleasure which is true of nothing else; the more you love it yourself, the more of it you afford to others.

THE world will be much less willing to excuse you for not keeping it at a proper distance from you, than for not keeping yourself at a proper distance from the world.

How many ridiculous scenes should we see in the world if each pair of men, that secretly laugh at each other, were to laugh at each other aloud!

IN giving rules for mankind to follow should it not be remembered that men are particulars?

IF we do not correct ourselves we are sullied with faults, if we do correct ourselves and remove our faults, we damp the fire and lessen the natural charm of our virtues. What is to be done?

How much surprized would some conscientious people be to have it proved to them how often they have told lies!

MEN

MEN oftner lay traps for others, in favour of themselves, unknowingly than knowingly.

WITH the truest theory the practice will very often be defective ; is that strange ? without any theory at all, the practice will often be compleat ; is not that stranger still ?

How seldom do we hear it said such a man's scheme failed of the success he expected, but that he *deserved* to have succeeded ; and yet how *often* is that the case ? how often do we hear the circumstances which precede the miscarriage of an undertaking canvassed and judged to be so many concurrent causes of it ; and yet how *seldom* is that the case ?

DISCERNMENT is a power of the understanding in which few excel ; is not that owing to its connection with impartiality and truth ? for are not prejudice and partiality blind ?

I HAVE heard players on the harpsichord say, that a very difficult passage would sometimes become extremely easy, merely from being shewn the best and most natural man-

ner of fingering. Is not this rule applicable to many difficulties of the mind ? yes, but there we have no master.

WE invert the nature of man, and suppose that his opinion results from his reasoning, instead of supposing that his reasoning results from his opinion : source of error ! and if we could avoid it, how much imposition should we avoid with it !

IT is unlucky for all parties when Avarice makes a painful effort to be generous, which only serves to prove her want of generosity.

POETIC licence is an allowed deviation from certain general rules of writing ; there are also allowed deviations from certain general rules of life, but in both cases it is to the superior genius only that this allowance is made.

IT is a paradox, yet a truth ; all men *cannot be reasonable*, I had almost said, all men *cannot will to be reasonable*, and often when we accuse them of acting quite contrary to reason, we should consider, perhaps pity, the imperfect eyes of their minds, which

which see falsely, for " what can we reason
" but from what we know ?"

WHEN we are very young we have scarce an idea of becoming old, when we are old we have scarce a remembrance of having been young.

I HAVE about as much faith in the politician as physician, and I confess it, not a great deal in either : what a complication of causes and effects mutually clashing with each other which they cannot regulate ! what windings and turnings in nature which they cannot trace ! I speak of the best, what then shall be said of the others ?

I KNOW not whether the truest and best state of nature be not a state of more prejudice and ignorance than we are aware of.

THERE *are* men whom we call *penetrating* ; and yet if we mean to be exact, would not, even there, the true word be, *ingenious* ?

SWIFT says somewhere, and I think very well ; " If a great man keeps me at a distance from him, he must also keep
O 2 " himself

“himself at a distance from me;” and undoubtedly he means that he will admit no man’s familiarity upon unequal terms; yet there is a disagreeable circumstance attending this case, I mean that this sorry great man will infallibly consider the distance between you and him, as altogether the effect of his own act, and that if you are not about him, it is because he will not let you.

It unfortunately happens that most of the censures on great men are passed by little men; and do we not sometimes mistake in ourselves the effect of pride and envy, even for that of virtuous indignation?

WHAT satisfaction have you in the discourse of others, about what you happen to be minutely acquainted with yourself? what faith then should you have in that which is about what you are not minutely acquainted with yourself?

It is equally true of any part you are to play in the world, as of any particular game that depends upon manual dexterity, as tennis, cricket, and billiards, that it is

less difficult to play well when you are a head and likely to win, than when you are behind and likely to lose.

WE often judge better of a thing before reasoning upon it than after.

A FISH will sometimes with pleasure rise out of his element and spring into ours: so a man will sometimes with pleasure rise from prejudice and falshood into the sphere of reason and truth. But the fish will most naturally and joyfully dive again into his element of water; and the man as joyfully and naturally into his element of prejudice and falshood.

As there are mines in the earth which men possess without knowing it; so are there often qualities and perfections of the mind.

I REMEMBER a ridiculous scene in one of our plays where a foolish servant maid takes up a Guittar of her old master's, and wonders to find that she cannot bring any tunes out of it; there are tunes in it she is sure, for she has heard several fetched out of it by her master; why then cannot she fetch them out? Is not this Guittar

an emblem of our own minds? is there not a capacity in us of giving and receiving the most delicious sensations, a harmony which may for ever lie dormant for want of the artist's skill to produce it? nay, may we not go yet farther, are not strings sometimes touched, and powers of sensation awakened in us, which we ourselves did not know to exist?

FREE-THINKER: What a term of honour, or if you will, dishonour! but where is he that can claim it?

THE same quality may be delightful in one man and disgusting in another: one man may have a light that wants a shade, another a shade that wants a light.

How beautiful is the best side of the world, how shocking the worst!

WE often palliate and conceal a fault from ourselves, just as we do from another.

A MAN of great cunning, art, and insinuation, may be compared to a high-formed horse at Newmarket, which, if unknown,

unknown, may get an estate; but if known, will get less than a much worse: he will never be matched.

THERE are men, it is true, who will talk and reason with you agreeably and satisfactorily; if self-love is their *first* principle, you will at least allow that reason is their *second*: if you are not satisfied with this and insist on reason's being the *first*, and self love the *second*, all that can be said is, that you are an unconscionable man, and never will be satisfied.—What! would you take your enemy to your breast! embrace that reason which will destroy you!

HAVE you never seen a strange unconnected deformed representation of a figure, which seen in another point of view, became proportioned and agreeable? It is the picture of man.

SELF-LOVE often preys on itself.

YOU will not buy that estate, that house, that horse, it is blown upon: you want it? yes; and it is worth the money? it is blown upon.—Fools that we are! is it then not enough that we cheat others

but we must cheat ourselves too! you laugh, Timoleon, at the absurdity, and—you will commit it.

Timoleon is generally allowed to be notable and keen, one who *knows what he is about*, and possesses that useful knowledge *how to take care of one*; yet I myself know three slips of his making; he had a good picture which was worth four hundred pound; he asked five for it a considerable time, and was forced at last to sell it for three: he had a match at tennis offered him, in which he would have had about two bisques the advantage, but wanted half fifteen and refused it: he might have run his horse at Newmarket where he would have had four or five pounds the best of it, but did not because he could not get seven or eight, and I live in the hopes of hearing that he has missed of some snug and convenient estate, because it is blown upon.

LET us not expect men to see truth *before* it is shewn them, they do not see it *afterwards*.

How

How seldom is generosity perfect and pure ! how often do men give because it throws a certain inferiority on those who receive, and superiority on themselves !

CAN man be incorrigible with so much *love* for virtue !

THERE are faults which do not seem to require amendment ; nay they almost seem to change their very essence, to become virtues, and inspire other men with a kind of affection for them as soon as they discover in us the consciousness of having them.

LUCULLUS saw a thousand beauties in Sophronia, she had the most tender attachment to Lucullus ; and, as nothing hinder'd, the happiest union was soon compleated between them. The more he saw of her, the more excellence he discover'd, the more he admired her, the more he loved her. But alas ! where is perfection ? as the connection became more intimate, some little latent defects, some of those weeds from which the human soil was yet never free, appear'd ; and he could not but wish them pluck'd up ; not on the account of their
signi-

ficancy, but his peculiar admiration of the soil in which they grew: yes, that very readiness at spying defect in another, that common mark of human malignity, was in Lucullus the result of the most delicate sensibility—He could not bear that Sophronia should be sullied with the least blemish, though he knew that that blemish, like a flaw in a diamond, was discovered only by the lustre that surrounded it. Sophronia had the most tender and generous attachment to Lucullus, and she observed this silent, this secret uneasiness; for though his delicacy prevented his expressing it, yet her good sense, or rather her affection, soon discover'd it: she now grew uneasy in her turn, but as her reason was not less strong than her delicacy was refin'd, she debated with herself what could be the cause of this uneasiness in Lucullus: let me, said Sophronia, surmount if possible the natural blindness of partiality, and look into my own breast to see if there be not something there that may have affected Lucullus: she did so, she examin'd her behaviour, she examin'd her temper, she compar'd them not with her own sensations, but
with

with those which were express'd by other people; and above all she watch'd the expression of Lucullus's countenance, to see if she could not discover some defect in herself, by a correspondency in his features when it appear'd. If, says she, I see any mark of disapprobation in Lucullus, I shall trust to that information much more than to my unconsciousness of demerit; thus in the condescending tenderness of her soul did she determine, and the refinement of her art prevailed; she read in Lucullus's face, not only what he was too generous to unfold, but what she herself had never suspected: alas! the very place which it is most necessary we should enter, is generally the best guarded by prejudice against our own tuition; but before her candour, her reason, and above all, the delicacy of her passion for Lucullus, pride and pejudice immediately gave way; she disputed not a moment with her own heart, she saw its imperfection in as strong a light as she would have done the imperfection of another; nay, she saw it in a light which made it appear greater than it was. Beautiful excess! amiable error! she thought it infinitely

finitely greater than Lucullus had ever
 done: I hate myself, said Sophronia, what !
 could I want discernment to see the least
 sparkle of that in myself which would
 have glar'd in my eyes from another !
 poor Lucullus, thou shalt be satisfied ; I
 would before have sacrificed my life to
 thee, I will now do what I find would
 have been harder for me to have done
 hadst thou not thus generously taught me
 the lesson, to thee I will sacrifice even
 my pride. Lucullus observed in Sophro-
 nia an attention yet more scrupulous than
 she had before shewn even to him ; a
 sensibility, an attractive softness, a love
 which even surpassed her own. He ob-
 served too that whatever little peccadillo
 had thus grieved him was removed with
 the utmost complacency and chearfulness:
 Sophronia seemed not to have hesitated a
 moment between the pleasing Lucullus,
 and displeasing herself ; nay, she found
 that to be pleasing, which she saw to
 be meritorious ; or rather, she found that
 to be pleasing to herself which she thought
 would be pleasing to Lucullus. How en-
 dearing ! how lovely ! Lucullus could not
 help

help seeing this alteration in Sophronia; what, says he, has Sophronia's superior discernment and virtue, *corrected* defects which others want faculties to *see*? it is very strange; no one could have told her that they hurt me for I never told it to any one. One evening as Sophronia was sitting with Lucullus, tell me says she, has there been nothing through the day that has displeased Lucullus? ah, tell me if there has, for your approbation is to me much preferable to my own! dear Sophronia, replied he, whence such a doubt? the truest, the most efficacious method of giving me pleasure is to receive it yourself; and believe me, Sophronia, there is no better mark of having done right than the very doubt of having done wrong; but of doing wrong thou art incapable, and mayst thou ever enjoy the reward of thy tenderness and generosity! Lucullus, see the strange effects of delicacy! he who had been hurt by what he thought something of a defect in Sophronia, grew now yet more uneasy at its removal, the very thing he had desired: it seemed to him as if he had
 been

been guilty of some involuntary reproach, some indelicacy of carriage to his beloved Sophronia: he grew melancholy: Sophronia, she who was happy only by his happiness, soon saw it and resolved to mention it; Lucullus, said she, the great, the only joy of my life is to see you easy and happy: I fear you have something within your breast that affects you; O could I remove it! dear Sophronia, said he, every transport, every endearment that I experience comes from you, every pain must proceed from you, and while I am sure you have no pain I can have none, but I am not worthy thy goodness!—alas! said Sophronia, I have lived but to offend you, and perhaps still more myself. A torrent of tears gushed from her eyes, and as the two lovers had often catched from each other the tenderness of joy, so did they now the anguish of grief; as soon as they found words, they insensibly proceeded to the original delicacy of the distress, and each renewed a mutual sorrow occasioned by that of the other; it seemed as if all the natural self-love of the human mind was

was increased in these two persons, but that each was intrusted with the portion belonging to the other; the contest was not which should gain most, but which should concede most, and nothing could be so real or so endearing, as the mutual confidence which each reposed in the other. Ah, Saphronia! can I thus have tormented thee, said Lucullus; ah Lucullus, said she, can I have been thus unworthy! name not the word, said he, if thou would'st not wound the soul that lives but for thee. My faults said she.—Name them not, I cannot bear the sound, name them not my dear Saphronia, as thou lovest my being.—Lucullus was ashamed, confounded, and shocked; he considered every constitutional cast, every bent, every disposition of Saphronia as so much celestial perfection, nay the very things he had wished a little changed in her character, became suddenly perfections in his eyes, and clasping his dear Saphronia in his arms, I loved thee, said he, for thy perfections, I adore thee, be they real or imaginary, for thy imperfections.

THERE

THERE are sometimes beauties in a character which would never have appeared but for a defect, and defects which would never have appeared but for a beauty.

WERE the hunter, the shooter, the politician, the virtuoso, to learn exactly what part of his pleasure was produced by, the hunting, the shooting, the politics, and the *virtù*, he would perhaps be much surprized: were the collateral springs of pleasure cut off how strangely might his keenness abate!

LOVE, like many other things, has its contraries; it dies away, and it lives for ever.

COURAGE is oftener allied to vice, than cowardice to virtue.

WE are generally obliging and serviceable to others in proportion as they do not want the favour.

IT is not how great or good your understanding or mind, any more than how pure the metal of your coin; it is whether they are admitted as current standard by others that will be worth your consideration.

WHEN

WHEN we are very young we suppose a certain taste, a certain sensibility in others which, in fact, is only in our own minds; when old, we do not always suppose even that taste and sensibility in others which they really have.

UNCOMMON good sense bears no proportion in value with common good sense.

WHAT are so different as sensuality and sentiment? and yet how often is the former mistaken for the latter!

IF the world likes you at all, despise it, and it will like you a great deal.

IT is a rule liable, I fear, to very few exceptions, that a popular man is either a groveling man or an artful one.

IF we were to judge of great application to the improvement of the understanding by the example of many men, we should say that man lost ground in the *practice* of sense in proportion as he had advanced in the *theory* of it.

P

IF

IF no man was to be allowed to censure an excess in another, who was himself guilty of the contrary one, what a sudden dearth of moralists and critics should we have in the world!

IT is well known, and not at all strange, that if you are about to learn to dance of a good master, you had better not have learnt to dance at all than of a bad one: is not this equally true with respect to the improvements of the mind?

THERE may be two pictures of the same person, one handsome, the other ugly, and yet both like the original: it is the same thing in the accounts we have of men and things: let us then
“ with caution trust them.”

How far Lothario's poetical picture of Gratiana and that beautiful group her select companions may have flattered them, I will not pretend to say; that equal beauty may possibly be found in nature I will venture to advance, and I most sincerely wish it was less rare. Lothario gallantly tells Gratiana that he
2 will

will not attempt to describe her without the assistance that has been granted to celebrate less worthy subjects, and for this assistance he immediately addresses himself to the Muse. Come then, says Lothario,

Come then, my muse, oh ! come along,
 Leave far behind vain fiction's throng ;
 Let truth alone thy steps attend,
 And rhyme for once be reason's friend.
 Exact, thy lov'liest dyes prepare,
 There dip, and paint her character ;
 Describe that dignity with ease,
 And all those nat'ral charms that please,
 Superior to th' affected art,
 Which deigns to play a borrow'd part ;
 Whose studied words, on shining bent,
 Conceal self-love in compliment.
 Describe her nobly diff'rent aim,
 Whose wish supreme, declining fame,
 Would lib'ral give with hand unknown,
 And hide, while she bestows the boon.

Attend, my muse, those fav'rite hours, *
 When gladness all around she pours,

P 2

And,

* Her Suppers.

And, like the sun's enliv'ning rays,
 Improves whate'er her eye surveys;
 With fancy's magic wand inspires,
 Delightful mirth and gay desires;
 The charm still spreading far and nigh,
 Till all is joy and harmony:
 O! quit not this delightful scene,
 But guide my hand, my muse, unseen;
 Describe that luxury of mind,
 (By heav'n to social man consign'd!)
 When each glad breast dilating gives,
 The joy it mutually receives;
 Whether in rational discourse,
 Discov'ring truth's remotest source,
 Or yielding in the sportive hour,
 To mirth and wit's indulgent pow'r;
 Free to enjoy, no sorrow nigh,
 The rapt'rous gifts of pleasantry:
 Those rapt'rous gifts the moments bring,
 And lightly pass on silken wing,
 Renewing still, and still enjoy'd,
 Each sense possessing, never cloy'd!
 Ev'n folly, in its place is made,
 Less the disgrace of life than shade;
 And give me, fortune, long to use
 The toy that can so well amuse!
Let

Let various converse charm the soul,
And gay good-humour crown the whole :
Presiding, brilliant be she seen,
Of the gay court herself the queen :
Above the pride of mean pretence,
And gracious from superior sense :
Hum'rous, yet never low, nor loud ;
A wit——yet always understood.

Now all her aid let music lend,
Of love and beauty both the friend.

To tender sounds attune the lay,
And beauties yet unseen display ;
Let pow'rful strains her heart controul,
And to the features call the soul ;
Give to the cheek a warmer glow,
New lustre on those eyes bestow,
Give ev'ry glance to speak, to mean,
And let e'en thought itself be seen ;
Let sighs that rise, and tears that flow,
Derive a grace from others' woe.

And shall the loves in exile pine ?
The loves alone that breast resign ?
Those features want one absent grace,
Which only love can give the face ?
That heart one bliss, the best we know,
Which only love vouchsafes below ?

Forbid it heav'n!—my muse employ
 Your utmost pow'r to aid the boy,
 Direct his shaft, her breast prepare,
 And fix it, deeply fix it, there!
 But, as the shaft, the passion guide,
 Its object let your care provide,
 To me her fated heart incline;
 If love deserves, desert is mine.

WHAT a weapon is ridicule against
 folly and falsehood!—but may not ridicule
 be employed also against wisdom and
 truth? RIDICULE IS THAT SPECIES
 OF WIT WHICH PROVOKES LAUGHTER,
 and that which provokes laughter in one
 man, will not always provoke laughter in
 another: one man may see the subject that
 you ridicule in a light that favours your
 purpose, of making it ridiculous; another
 in a light that may totally disappoint it;
 and truth being mistaken for falsehood by
 the erroneous mind, that mind may be
 provoked to laugh at truth. But, mistak-
 ing its own peculiar error for truth, it can-
 not be provoked to laugh at that error
 though others may. TO BE RIDICULOUS
 IS TO BE WORTHY OF LAUGHTER; and
 most

most certainly truth and wisdom are *not ridiculous*; but though they do not *deserve* laughter, they may *excite* it: there was nothing that *deserved* laughter in Æsop's choosing the burden of bread which was heavier than any other, yet it *excited* the laughter of his fellow-slaves who were not able to see the action in its *true* light, and did not consider that as the bread would be consumed upon the road, Æsop upon the whole of the journey would carry less than they, though at the beginning he carried more. It does therefore by no means follow, that because truth is *not ridiculous*, ridicule *is* the test of truth; for there is great difference between making a fool laugh at truth, and making truth ridiculous. Do not most disputes on this subject seem to have arisen from neglecting to make these distinctions?

AWAY ye laughers, your mirth wounds me, your gaiety makes me sorrowful; you think Sophron ridiculous, I respect him; and trust me, the oppression and mockery of innocence is so far from exciting my laughter, that it awakens every tender emo-

tion of kindness, and heightens every sentiment of delicacy and generosity. I confess that Sophron's dress is different from yours and out of fashion; he is ignorant of the things that you delight in: I see it; but remember, the reproach of man is not ignorance but pretension: Sophron is ignorant, but then he is unpretending: you are partially knowing and self-satisfied. Yes, that very mirth which you think exposes his defects, really proves your own. Sophron is a man of business, nature form'd him honest and complacent, and when she refused him that poignant vivacity, that lustre of taste and elegance with which she has enriched some souls, she gave an ample recompense for the deficiency, she bestowed upon him the modesty of non-pretension, and the candour of uprightness. He faithfully pursues the course nature has directed, he fills his duty of life, he acts his part irreproachably: as he feels no attraction to those pleasures which are so dear to others, so he candidly and rationally concludes that he has no merit in not pursuing them, and is cautious of condemning what those only to whom they are
so

so dear can rightly comprehend. Real dishonesty is alone odious to Sophron, it is opposite to his nature, and therefore cannot coincide with it: he is so just in his dealings that his promise is equal to every possible tie of obligation or self-interest. It is true that he is very ignorant of many of the graces of society, he is deficient in the rules of good breeding, and to the undiscerning and indelicate, his deficiency may sometimes appear ridiculous; but then the eye of true penetration will see far enough to examine the secret the remote sources of these deficiencies, and will discover that none of them arise from pride, hatred, or malevolence, and therefore *are not justly the objects of ridicule*. No, tho' the whole world should laugh at Sophron, Sophron would *not be ridiculous*.

IT is a mistake to imagine that libertinism in women must proceed from too much sensibility; it proceeds very often, I believe, from too little.

IT is unhappy for both parties when there are neither so few charms as to make us break a connection, nor so many

as to make us keep it up with satisfaction.

I KNOW not whether actual dishonesty may not sometimes be nearer allied to exalted virtue, than actual honesty.

GENEROSITY would act oftener if she was oftener trusted: and what a striking proof of it does lord Clarendon give us in the instance of lord Digby's discovering himself to Sir J. Hotham!

WHAT a nicety, what a care, what an attention to every circumstance of a case which is regularly laid before you as a judge: what precipitation, what confidence, in the decision of a case that is *not* laid before you as a judge.

To walk well, you must see well; to act well, must you not judge well?—what fruits then are we to expect from a perverted understanding! and who will advance that sense is not the guide to virtue?

A PENETRATING man is a man of whom his acquaintance will every now and then say, they wonder that one who
generally.

generally talks like a man of sense should advance so great an absurdity.

WHAT crouds of people to whom it would be the greatest paradox, that a fine voice is not the first requisite for a fine finger; and fine features not the first requisite for true beauty.

PREJUDICE and lunacy have certainly very different *causes*, but I think in *effect* they are the same: the madman will talk rationally on all subjects except that which has a particular connection with his malady; and the prejudiced man will talk irrationally on the subject that is connected with his prejudice; so that, if I must distinguish prejudice from lunacy, I can only say, that prejudice is a perversion of the understanding which is more difficult to be cured.

A GOOD heart is the *sine qua non* of true agreeableness; but true agreeableness is by no means the necessary consequence of a good heart.

HE who commits an offence may not only be said to deserve all the blame of his

his own act, but great part of the blame which another's resentment of it may incur, because of this resentment also he is the original cause.

It may be thought a paradox, yet I believe it is a truth, that the application to reason by argument is, of all other methods, the least likely to convince men of an error, and produce a change in their opinion. Arguments are opposed by a kind of instinctive impulse, and the mind necessarily fortifies itself in exerting its utmost force to resist an attack. But if you laugh at the absurdity, and treat it with an air of superiority and neglect, as the attack is not made by reason, the defence will not be attempted by sophistry: the mind will of course become willing to relinquish an opinion that exposes it to ridicule, and will then naturally consider it with impartiality; nay, it will even be induced to give that up as indefensible, which is treated as unworthy of a serious confutation. Thus the most natural and obvious place to assault a town is the gate,

yet the best forces are always collected there for its defence: some skilful commanders therefore have sometimes succeeded by making the attack at a place less apparently fit to enter at, but where there was less preparation for defence.

I SEE you are flattered, I see you are pleased, Lycæus; yet believe me, Amelia only took you in her way; all those pretty airs, all that coquetry was only meant to display and exhaust itself. Do you know, Lycæus, that Amelia disputed with me the day after you saw her that it was Cleon she had conversed with, not Lycæus.

AVARO is one of those necessary evils called a pains-taking, fortune-getting, fortune-destroying man of business; one who does not admit the *si possis bene* into his *credo*. He amasses gold, he snatches it from the bags of the rich, he extracts it even from indigence itself, and then rolls himself in the precious heap. He is a true digger of gold, a toiler, a mole that works under ground in the dark; who hates the light and sees not in it. His *summum bonum* is muddling

dling in parchments, in the offals of dulness and tastelessness. Talk to Avaro of generous raptures, social endearments, and exquisite and reciprocal delight which is enjoyed only in proportion as it is communicated, and your language will be as unintelligible to Avaro as that of an inhabitant of Saturn would be to you. Avaro rises from bed almost with his pen in his hand, and quits it only to lye down and dream of it; he wears his night-gown both morning and afternoon, so that you would believe, whenever you went to see him, that he had that day taken physick. He will almost persuade you to believe with the Mahometans, that some of the human species have no souls. But if indeed Avaro has a soul, how different is it from that of lovely Camilla, or noble Phormio! Avaro knows Phormio, and says, shaking his head, Phormio is a young man, I have a poor opinion of him, he knows very little of business.

I DINED the other day with Phryne, and I have hardly seen any thing so sentimental, so soft, and so refined as herself, and every thing that was about her: some people might, perhaps, say of the whole that it

was

was *Outré*, but possibly they might have no taste for what they presumed to censure: her house was the very pink of elegance: her chairs, her tables, her glasses, her picture-frames, and above all, her Sofa, was Chinese: deliciously Chinese! there was a certain languor that accompanied every thing she said; she professed against every thing that was boisterous, and for every thing that was sentimental. She had been formerly accused, perhaps maliciously, of some affairs in which she had mixed something somewhat gross and material with what was spiritual and refined: but even supposing this imputation to be true, she is now most dyingly sentimental, excessively refined, I had almost said romantic in her religion; so spiritual that she seems already to have divested herself of all terrestrial ideas. Divested herself? her house then—her Sofa, her—? true, she indulges herself in those innocent, those mental amusements, and why not? do they not assist her in the exercise and improvement of her mind? for here she now acquires all the delicacy of sentiment that books, or refined conversation can bestow, and she
wants

wants not the influence of either. The poor deluded gross multitude say, that Phryne is ridiculous, that the same romantic turn, the same weakness of mind, in every respect the same spirit which was formerly display'd upon lovers and operas, has, now the best of the lovers are gone, run up into this elevated purity. They say too, that she is on the high-road to Methodism, and will in a short time,—perhaps, by the first summer days—arrive at it; and indeed as to myself, I must confess, I perceived something of a contradiction in Phryne: alas! who among us is without? She was most exemplary and indeed elevated in her discourse; the purity of seraphic love, the divine excellence of virtue, and the horrid deformity of sensuality and vice were her everlasting topics. Alas! from what an humble distance did I look up to the celestial Phryne! and yet I observed that a poor lady, a relation who was supported by her charity,—according to her wicked enemies by her pride—was often reminded of her situation, and used pretty cavalierly; this I confess did appear to me a contradiction.

How

How difficult to follow is the line of truth with the greatest perspicacity of wisdom and virtue, what then with the blindness of prejudice and self-interest? The man you blindfold and bid walk straight an hundred yards, will probably be much surprised to find himself so strangely wide of his intended mark, as he certainly will be when the bandage is taken off his eyes; and should not we, think you, be surprised to find how wide we are of that line of truth if our bandage was taken off? But how dissimilar are the two cases! in the first, the bandage is put on by another, and the man expects to be *a little* wide of the straight path, but in the last, we put it on ourselves, and expect to walk *perfectly true*. Nay, strange imagination! we begin by putting on this bandage, and then believe we have it not on; we chuse to go in the dark, and, like Lord Peter swearing his loaf was a shoulder of mutton, we swear we have nothing at all on our eyes, that we see perfectly well and damn heartily all those that contradict us.

FONTINELLE I remember says somewhere, " Non seulement nous n'avons pas
 Q " en

“ en nous des principes qui menent au
 “ vrai, mais nous en avons aussi qui
 “ s’accomodent du faux,” but what if
 instead of *faux* his word had been *con-*
tradictoire !

HAVE you any thing to say to the
 world or to any part of it? be quick or
 perhaps you will be too late and never
 say it.

YOU may fail shining, in the opinion
 of others, both in your conversation and
 actions, from being superior, as well as
 inferior, to them.

THOUGH beauty is with the most apt
 similitude, I had almost said with the
 most literal truth, called a flower that
 fades and dies almost in the very mo-
 ment of its maturity; yet there is me-
 thinks a kind of beauty which lives even
 to old age; a beauty that is not *in* the
 features, but, if I may be allowed the ex-
 pression, *shines through them*. As it is not
 merely *corporeal* it is not the object of
 mere *sense*, nor is it to be discovered but
 by persons of true taste and refined sen-
 timent. There are strokes of sensibility,
 nice touches of delicacy, sense, and even
 virtue,

virtue, which like the master traits in a fine picture are not to be discerned by vulgar eyes that are captivated with vivid colours and gaudy decorations. There are emanations of the mind, which like the vital spark of cœlestial fire, animate the *form* of beauty with a *living soul*. Without this, the most perfect symetry in the bloom of youth is but a "kneaded clod," and with this, the features that time itself has defaced, have a spirit, a sensibility, an inexpressible charm which those only do not admire who want faculties to perceive.

It has often been said, that the beauties of the mind are valuable because they are more lasting than those of the body; but I do not remember to have heard it said, that the beauties of the mind are valuable because they make those of the body more lasting.

THEY who have no idea of the charms of solitude, will, I believe, have but an imperfect one of the raptures of society.

YES, said Publius, I say solitude. I understand you, you approve a little of it

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sometimes, a single friend in a contemplative retirement, which I call a milder society, and so do I too: but I say I love solitude, absolute solitude——well—I can't help it.—The word and the idea fright you, you beg to be excused, you desire not to be left more than a few minutes to no other company than your own ruminations, and when I talk of the charms of this horror, you start with amazement; you cannot conceive how I can delight in a total absence from the endearments of a pleasing company of people, shooting away from “the human face divine,” and wandering with pensive and solitary steps, to the deepest and most sequestered part of pathless woods; believe then the novelty upon the word of a friend, and learn that this is sometimes one of my most delicious satisfactions; but do you then really never think? yes say you, very often. But how, and how far? Do you ever seek and pursue truth? examine, compare, divide, suspect your own ideas? do you look for what is? you do? I will not contradict it, and yet believe me, they who say they do, nay, they who believe

lieve they do, are often strangely mistaken; prejudice, pride, and self-love, are most deluding syrens which are always at hand, ready to detain the unwary traveller, and few escape them, whether it be that their curiosity to follow truth is weak, or that they are weary of a journey which affords them little entertainment. But you say you listen not to them, and neither will I contradict this. But do you indeed feel that superior satisfaction, that more than earthly sensation which thrills in my breast, when I give a loose to the ardour of imagination, and towering above all terrestrial ideas pierce into the regions of reality farther, and farther still, till I have quite forgot that I am a frail mortal standing in a lone wood, and fettered by every sublunary attachment which I had just despised and forgotten? even while I speak the sacred impulse throbs within me, reflection rises upon reflection, and I will indulge them. What is true! what is false! what am I? what have I been? what shall I be? what has been told me about these things? let me not regard it—let me weigh TRUTH in a just balance, and

hold the scale for myself. Yes! I rejoice in my lone thoughts, I rejoice in all the boundless variety of nature; not a bush, a blade, a twig that shoots on the green earth, not a ray of that animating fire which streams from above, but fills my soul with satisfaction. I participate in silence the joys of surrounding nature, which rise in unison with my own; nature corresponding with congenial nature!—with thee, O sacred solitude! the noise and tumult of the distant world, is heard but as the buzz of an insect-nation that floats upon the breeze, a sound which is despised by man as a superior being, and forgotten as soon as it ceases to be heard. I am lifted up from this globe of earth, and see it roll huge and rapid at my feet, see it mingled with its fellow-planets, taking its mechanic round, with all its toiling swarms upon it, encircled with clouds that falsehood colours with a thousand dyes, now obscured by the glooms of ignorance, now enlightened with the oblique rays of opinion, which the deluded multitude mistake for knowledge—I see it all—yes, I see it so, as almost to realize the vision; and, believe

lieve me, that very vigour of fancy which carries us beyond the precincts of this world, can alone give us the most elegant and lively perception of those social raptures that are sometimes found in it.

HIPPIAS is one of those gay young gentlemen who is called very lively and agreeable; he has a little smattering of every thing, and enjoys nothing; he loves an opera, plays himself upon the harpsichord, and the most light and trivial passages of music are constantly his favourites; those that have a deeper meaning he rejects as dull and spiritless, still declaring for *mirth* even in his music. Nay, if you were to ask his opinion about the deepest, as well as the finest tragedy that Shakespear ever wrote, his word would certainly be, that it was very *pretty* tragedy. All solitude, you may be sure, he detests, because he detests all thought; nor is it possible to make him comprehend that the same cause which produces this indisposition to solitude, produces also an incapacity to enjoy the best pleasures of society. Hippias is a kind of beau, he loves the

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town,

town, gaiety, dress; and little does he suspect that he enjoys neither; his equipage, servants, and living are all ill understood; and if he could be made to conceive for a moment the peculiar niceties and refinements of which each is capable, he would be compelled to confess that even in his favourite amusements he had wanted all that was worth having. He is indeed always *merry*, but he was never *happy*; and if you *know how to laugh* he will almost make you *cry*. But he loves the ladies; yes, but what ladies? and how far does he love them? not one meaning grace ever broke in upon the soul of Hippias! oh! but he is gallant!—yes, he is an excellent sportsman in gallantry; he loves the chase—he desires not the death.

It is sometimes happy to have done wrong, I mean when we have seized the opportunity of acknowledging it: and I know not whether that very offence which is so destructive to common connections may not strengthen such as have reason and true delicacy for their basis;

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as the very place where a bone has been broken and well set, if the constitution is good, becomes stronger than any other part.

CASUAL disagreements have been considered as springs that give new force to love; and I believe they are so. Yet as a spring too frequently or too forcibly used, remains at the place to which it is drawn back instead of flying forwards; so lovers will find that disagreements, if they are too frequent, will at length lose their elasticity and impel to love no more.

THERE seems to be something satisfactory resulting from almost every thing that is deficient in human nature, and it is in a certain nice perception of that satisfaction, methinks, that all the endearing refinements of society consist: there are a thousand little and undefinable delicacies in our conversation, our looks, and even gestures, which mutually require to be understood and returned. Nay, there are little indulgencies which the well disposed and well conceiving mind feels

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a want to bestow as well as to receive, and will be uneasy and dissatisfied till an opportunity offers to do it, and hence that first of concerts the play and harmony of according minds.

EXTREMITIES meet; It seems difficult therefore to pronounce whether the statesman at the top of the world, or the plough-man at the bottom labours hardest.

I HAVE often thought that though dress may justly be called a trivial thing in itself, yet that it deserved more the consideration of a Philosopher than is generally imagined, as being no inconsiderable or unfaithful index of the mind. Those who see accurately will certainly discover a connection between many particulars in a man's dress, and his peculiar disposition, temper, and turn of thought, supposing his dress to be the choice of his own taste, and that he has not implicitly conformed to the manner of others which must be first well considered; and after all, a great variety of particulars must be examined before a certain judgment can be made, for there is such a thing
as

as being above dress, (in general or particular) and being equal to it and being below it. However, a discerning eye will very often discover strong indications of character in dress, and it seems as if the same principle that directs a man in the cloathing of his body, directs him also in the furnishing not only his house but his mind.

IF you ever met with Trasimond, you certainly met with dirt in conjunction with embroidery, and shew without taste. He generally wears a coat that is pretty nearly covered with gold or silver, and provided the colour, the little colour that appears, be *a flaming one*, that's all he cares for. He very seldom washes his hands or face, or cleans his teeth, or commits any other cleanly act; and indeed were he to clean himself ever so much, he would *look* at least almost as dirty as if he did not; for his complexion happens to be black and white, and yellow, and it is much set off by a huge white bag-wig, white in its natural colour, and white by being loaded with powder. If other people tie their
bags

bags low, it is more than probable that Trafimond's will be above his poll, and if their wigs are dressed short, his will hang upon his shoulders. Not that Trafimond affects this, he does it naturally: not a duck goes more by instinct into water, than Trafimond into whatever happens to be wrong. Trafimond is scarce twenty eight years old, but for any advantage his person or character receives from that delightful age, he might just as well be one hundred and twenty eight: Thus say the women, and I believe them; he seems to prove that youth charms us less merely as youth, than by the manner with which it is set off. But Trafimond's mind is all of a piece, and the false taste which he manifests at so great an expence in his dress, he manifests in every thing else. If he hums a tune, depend upon it, it will be without meaning or feeling, or else, that both will be expressed in the wrong place. If he reads to you he will always stop wrong, place the emphasis wrong, and very likely pronounce wrong. If he gives an entertainment you may safely conclude before-

before-hand that every one of his innumerable and enormous dishes will be dress'd, what the French call, *a la diable*. I met Trafimond the other day in his chariot; it was of a strange shape, painted of a nasty blue, and gilt with a ginger-bread gilding; his horses were ugly, lean and dirty, but their natural colour was white, and they had long tails: the coachman, I remembered to have been his under gardiner, and the footman was an old fat Blackamoor. Trafimond was dressed in a tawdry green coat bedaub'd all over with silver; his great white periwig covered his head; that part of his person which had no other covering was covered with dirt; and as he stepped out, I observed he had dirty white threadstockings on. He is bow-leg'd, and squat in his figure, and as he waddled along he seemed to be a very odd kind of creature—something between a man and a Parrot.

STRANGE and melancholy reflection, Milton lay half a century mixed with all the senseless writers of the times, neglected and despised; Moliere's and Congreve's best plays were condemned, while many paultry performances

performances were extolled by men whose understandings are esteemed to be of the first class! Oh man, thou reasonable creature! which way dost thou shew thy reason? but, say you, no such absurdity can justly be imputed to me or to Hillarius or to Timoleon; perhaps not; but suppose it might, do you think that you would be less inclined to trust Hillarius or Timoleon or yourself afterwards? and do you really think that the *same creature* will not be liable to act in the *same manner* at *all times*? Yes, believe me, call man a prejudiced creature, or an inconsistent creature, but never a rational creature, or a consistent one.

So distinct in man are character and reason, that we are often urged by reason to laugh at ridiculous things, in the character even of ourselves. This puts me in mind of having seen unmix'd in the same glass, two liquors of different colours.

THERE are, methinks, two sorts of understandings, one naturally and almost mechanically comprehends two objects at once, the effect and the cause, and is dissatisfied with
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the first, whatever it be, till it sees the second. The other sees only the first, and seeks not, wants not, to see the second: the last of these understandings may see truth oftener than the first, but the first will certainly mistake falshood for truth seldomer.

WE judge of others from ourselves; source of knowledge! source of error!

IT by no means follows, that because two men utter the same words they have precisely the same idea which they mean to express; language is inadequate to the variety of ideas which are conceived by different minds, and which could they be expressed, would produce a new variety of characteristic differences between man and man; from this deficiency of language flow innumerable mistakes, for when I tell you such a thing was pleasing or displeasing, delicate or indelicate, proper or improper, and so in a great or a little degree, there are no words that peculiarly belong to my ideas, which though they may be *generically* the same with yours, may be *specifically* different, and hence perhaps you may give
me

me credit for tastes which I possess either not at all, or very imperfectly; would not this consideration be worth attending to, and might it not be of use to us if we could constantly carry it about us to be ready whilst we read or hear?

NOTHING is more manifest than that there is a *certain equality* to which all men have a natural right, unless it be their meanness in giving it up.

CLARA aims at the character of one of our impertinent fine ladies; she has handsome features without true beauty, but is really capricious, ignorant and insolent; nay Clara is not a good actress of the vile part she has chosen for herself; her airs are not of the first kind: I see others indeed are of a different opinion, but I think she plays imperfectly what I too would admire as good acting were it such: but see the court, the attention, the homage of those crowds of servile wretches, all encouraging the not less mean Clara in her overbearing impertinence! and is it possible not to moralize, not to be shocked at so general a manifestation of abjectness, innate abjectness

ness of the human species? though you should offer your protest what will your single opposition avail against this multitude? you speak to Clara, she either answers you or not, just as whim or the place you happen to be in prompts her; if you bow to her she is very capable of staring you in the face and not returning you the compliment, or of doing even worse by returning it in such a manner as shall render even her civility an impertinence; and if you bow to her again she will do the same, nay and she will then do right, for then you will certainly deserve it. Clara talks louder and longer than any person in her company, and the want of freedom is supplied by impudence, of dignity by insolence, and of gracefulness by confidence; she has no parts; but her own forwardness, and the mean encouragement of others, give her something that has sometimes an appearance of them, for as she talks incessantly and fearlessly, she sometimes stumbles upon combinations of thought which are not without propriety and connection. There are many proofs of the strange divisibility of matter, Clara will give you a

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proof of the strange divisibility of thought ; for after she has talk'd almost incessantly for three hours, I'll engage that you shall say every thing you can recollect of her discourse in three minutes : Clara is however in great fashion, and have I not given sufficient reasons for her being so ? Silia admires Clara beyond expression, but Silia was not born to be of her set, and she is too low, too desirous to get into it, ever to succeed ; nothing can be more curious than the commerce between Clara and Silia ; while one exercises every superiority which the advantages I have enumerated so fairly bestow, the other exercises every inferiority the disadvantages of her situation as necessarily imply ; but Silia's great principle is perseverance ; condescending perseverance ; she is quite a female philosopher, no slight foibles or mortifies her, and the favour of one minute amply atones for the neglect of many days ; Clara triumphs with all the despotism of an Eastern monarch, and Silia obeys with all the servility of an Eastern subject ; it is quite curious to see this pair so different and so like ; yes, if nature or fate had changed their situations, you may without
trial

trial swear, that Silia would have been Clara, and Clara Silia.

To say with La Rochefoucault, that
 “ in the adversity of our best friends
 “ there is something that does not
 “ displease us;” and to say, that in the
 prosperity of our best friends there is
 something that does not please us, seems
 to be the same thing; yet, I believe,
 the first is false, and the latter true.

IT does not follow that of two men
 he who acts worst has the worst heart,
 or the contrary. There are men, me-
 thinks, whose ill-actions we might rather
 pity than blame; as there are men whose
 good actions we rather do not blame
 than positively commend. Some men
 possess numberless perfections, which,
 if one single impediment, one ob-
 structing imperfection was removed,
 would, like water gushing from a rich
 spring, not only adorn, but fertilize all
 around them. There are others whose
 apparent good qualities, restrained by no
 single impediment, flow into many streams

and fetch a wide compass, but the spring whence they are derived being poor, the water is of little use, and therefore can have beauties only to those who are deceived by its appearance, and are strangers to its nature.

THERE is a short and easy method with things which we do not taste or comprehend: Condemning them: and if this method is not universally adopted let us at least do justice to mankind, and acknowledge that the reason is by no means our disapprobation of it, but the inconvenience which sometimes would arise from the practice of it.

I HAVE long remarked, that the first movement of the mind, at least of the little mind, on seeing any piece of literature is to condemn; and that commendation is at best but the second, and generally only an echo of the commendation of others: but I cannot help thinking that what the little mind thus condemns aloud, it secretly approves, perhaps admires, and condemns even for that reason; that it approves and admires, seems to be the necessary consequence

quence of discovering an effect of an understanding superior to its own, and that it condemns, seems to be as necessary a consequence of an unwillingness to allow a merit to others which it cannot claim for itself; for it will readily be allowed, that there are few literary performances which nine in ten of those who condemn do not feel themselves unable to have produced: thus then these little minds conclude, and perhaps not always without reason, that what they withhold from another they gain for themselves.

HONOUR may perhaps be defined honesty, and something more; *Discernment*, sense, and something more; *Candour*, impartiality, and something more; *Taste*, knowledge, and something more; *Generosity*, equity, and something more; *Delicacy*, generosity and something more. But if the things themselves are rare, what would the strange man think of the world whose measure of rectitude should be taken from these *somethings more*!

A GOOD ear for musick, and a *taste* for musick, are two very different things which

are often confounded; and so is *comprehending* and *enjoying* every object of sense and sentiment.

THERE are three kinds of returns for injuries; abject submission, severe retaliation, and contemptuous disregard. The first is always the worst, and the last generally the best; yet however different they may be in themselves, the dignity of the last is so much superior to common conceptions, that you may perhaps be forced upon the second, purely to prove that you did not stoop to the first.

MENALCAS is call'd an œconomist, and when he is to give, it is a rule with him that it shall always be a little *under* what it ought to be; GREMIO is not called an œconomist, and when he is to give, it is a rule with him that it shall always be a little *above* what it need be. Why does one or the other give at all? certainly in order to do themselves just honour, and preserve their own credit and reputation; is Menalcas then, or Gremio the œconomist?

THE

THE first thing the enamel painter has to do, is to prepare his plate for the reception of the colours he is to lay upon it. It will be of little consequence how well he draws, or how beautifully he blends his tints, if the least part of that preparation is omitted, and it will be found that the success of his art, depended much more on the disposition of the subject than the power of his agency. Does not this case of the painter illustrate that of the moralist? how much more depends upon the disposition of those that hear, than upon the abilities of him that speaks!

I SCARCE know any thing so ridiculous as a literary dispute: each party is perfectly convinced that he is in the right, and attacks the other with arguments which seem unanswerable and irresistible to himself, but for the same reason have no effect upon his antagonist; for both are so far from weighing the allegations that make against themselves, that they do not attend enough to them to know their purport: thus each combatant attacks the very place that is

covered by prejudice with impenetrable armour, and is therefore invulnerable: each wearies himself with striking, and each is astonished that his blows are not felt. D——n the blockhead, says he, he is as insensible as a stone; you may as well beat a stockfish, or make passes against a brick wall.

You blame men for being offended at criticisms on their performances, but if you expect me to blame them too, shew me at least the critic who has been delicate enough to attack the work without the least attack on the author.

I KNOW nothing that so clearly proves the arbitrariness of our ideas of handsome and ugly, of right and wrong, as fashion; nor any thing which shows in so strong a light how little the proof of handsome and ugly, right and wrong, from the unvarying principles of truth and nature, is followed by its just consequences.

WE know almost every thing rather by its accidental than its essential qualities, and therefore are so often deceived by
appear-

appearances and so often encourage appearances to deceive us: the keen man at play sinks his winnings, and magnifies his losings, and practises twenty other little artifices which though not essential to his character as a keen man at play, are yet the only marks by which that character is generally known; the shrewd jockey is continually making mysteries when there is nothing to conceal; the politician looks important upon the most trivial occasions; and almost every man expresses his particular trade and profession by some insignificant peculiarity in his dress, manner, and dialect; even the man of sense and knowledge will probably talk in terms of art, and join with his sense and knowledge some kind of cant or pedantry. Now, if we were to suppose some strange man to rise up who should fully possess any excellence without its common, but useless appurtenances; by how many, think you, and how soon, would he be found out? It is so long since truth went naked that she is now known only by her clothes:

Is

Is a man a creature of habit, or change? It seems as if we had proof of *both*; as we have that matter *is* and *is not* infinitely divisible.

IN this country every criminal has the privilege of being tried by his peers, but an author.

WHY is he who possesses generosity *more* offended at the want of it in another, than he who does not possess generosity? not from the advantage that might accrue to himself; for, from the very principles of his generosity, he wishes for any personal advantage *less*. The generous man then must wish others to act generously towards him for their sakes, not his.

THE place where you are used to be happy with your mistress always pleases you more than any other. Thus do we prize numberless other things, *indifferent* in themselves, merely from their connexion with what is useful or pleasing. Of this we have the strongest instance in money: we prize money by having habitually connected with it the idea of every temporal blessing without immediately

ately considering it not as an *end*, but a *means*; nay the very blessings themselves, from which money derives all its value, are frequently sacrificed to money; and men live and die in the want of *real* advantages, merely for the satisfaction of locking up the *indifferent* guineas which might produce them.

SUPPOSE I were to say that no man has sense that has not been out of his own country, will you not tell me I am very impertinent? yet if I gave my particular definition of the word *sense*, perhaps you would absolve me. Let me appeal to every sensible man in Great-Britain that has been out of it, and ask him what he felt even in the first twenty-four hours after he had landed on the other side of the British channel.

THERE is scarce any passion so heartily decried by moralists and satyrists as AMBITION; and yet methinks ambition is not a vice but in a vicious mind: in a virtuous mind it is a virtue, and will be found to take its colour from the character in which it is mixed. Ambition is a desire of superiority;

riority; and a man may become superior either by making others less or himself greater. He that attempts to make himself great by laudable means, surely gives more evidence of virtue than vice; though he that attempts it either by degrading others, or by dishonestly aggrandizing himself, gives an evidence of more vice than virtue. It must indeed be confessed, that no passion has produced more dreadful effects than ambition, and yet perhaps it has been generally decried for that effect which is common to it both as a virtue and a vice, the elevation of another above ourselves. This effect naturally offends little minds rather than great, for if ambition is a vice, it is not the vice of little minds; they do not aim to surpass others, and yet repine with inexorable malignity at being surpassed. The great, when they mention ambition, do it rather as if they were studious to make an apology for themselves, than to bring disgrace upon others.

DRYDEN calls it,

‘The glorious fault of angels and of gods.

And

And lord Clarendon says, "if ambition
 "is a vice, it loves to grow in a rich
 "soil." As to myself, I confess that I
 see some men, in whom I honour am-
 bition; and others, in whom I most heartily
 despise it.

CLEONTES is one of those ambitious
 men who does not, I think, quite reach the
 second class, though by himself, and
 perhaps many of his friends, he may
 be placed in the first. He is, if you
 will, a man of sense; that is, he is
 steady, exact, and laborious; nay, he is
 not without invention and ingenuity;
 for labour and diligence, though they do
 not always accompany ingenuity, have
 been sometimes known to produce it;
 or at least something which could scarce
 be distinguished from it. Cleontes is a
 politician, and whatever abilities he pos-
 sesses all are employed upon politics: poli-
 ticks seems to be not only the great ob-
 ject of his life, but the only one: he
 is, however, by no means one of those
 MASTERS who practise the art they
 profess almost spontaneously, who excel
 without

without labour, who are conscious to so much ease and negligence in their operations that they scarce admire the perfection they produce, and who readily allow the professors of other arts their due merit. Have you a relish for some of those refined endearments of which humanity is susceptible? do not then apply to Cleontes; he has sense, but it is not that exalted sense whose objects are fine and delicate in proportion as its own nature is exquisite and penetrating: It does not rise with the subtil activity of a pure spirit, which urged by a generous fire, leaves the gross elements behind. He knows indeed many of the concords of human nature when they have a sensible effect, and can even discover some before that effect is produced; but he knows as little of those discords which resolve into harmony, as he does of the last refinements of harmony itself. Are you a philosopher? if you are, you may perhaps smile to read in Cleontes's countenance, a full conviction that he has arrived at the *ne plus ultra* of human perfection. Perseverance is the

art by which he has ascended many steps in the *ladder of ambition*; and attained if not *the top-most round*, yet an *agreeable* elevation,—an honourable and lucrative employment. Cleontes now feels his importance; his wishes instead of diminishing increase: he heartily subscribes to the old proverb, *L'appetit vient en mangeant*. Yes, says he, in his soliloquies, I will advance, I will still climb: shall I not exert my faculties to the utmost! shall I be left behind to grovel with the inferior world! shall I not rather struggle and mount with the foremost of those that mount? yes, Cleontes, mount; let emulation still urge you to ascend: shew the world you have a soul that is equal to elevation: but what is elevation? true elevation is that superiority to which we are directed by nature. Cleontes is ambitious and a politician; he delights in the character, and yet surely he does not follow nature. If he does, however great he now is, or hereafter may be, he will never be the object of my admiration, for he will be great only as a politician; he is absorbed in politics; he is a kind of state packhorse, pleas-

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ed while he plods on with the gingle of his bells; politics is his delight though it is his labour; nay, I had almost said it was his meat and drink. He is intoxicated with politics: He is a miser, and always counting to himself his political store: Even while he seems to resign himself to the most pleasing avocations of society, he is still ruminating on political "stratagems and spoils," and for this he flatters himself, and is flattered by others, with imputed greatness and elevation. But alas! Cleontes has never once risen to any thing higher or more endearing than politics: Every elegance of nature is despised by Cleontes as inferior to the acquirements of his *calling*. Cleontes rarely feels that man is SOCIAL, never does he reflect that from society in its best acceptation, arise not only the first pleasures of humanity, but the first virtues.

PRIDE is a virtue—let not the moralist be scandalised—Pride is also a vice. Pride, like ambition, is sometimes virtuous and sometimes vicious, according to the character in which it is found, and the object to which it is directed. As a principle it
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is the parent of almost every virtue, and every vice, every thing that pleases and displeases in mankind; and as the effects are so very different, nothing is more easy than to discover even to ourselves, whether the pride that produces them is virtuous or vicious. The first object of virtuous pride is rectitude, and the next independance; the vices that fear avoids as incurring punishment, pride avoids as degrading the dignity of man; the support and satisfaction which meanness is content to receive from others, pride glories to derive from itself. It concedes not only with the same pleasure, but the same dignity with which it demands and acquires; for it is modest though not mean, and though elevated not assuming. It not only hates but disdains falshood, with all its little artifices to avoid disgrace and pass for truth; as its honour is better founded than in the opinion of others, it is superior both to neglect and adulation; as it neither talks nor acts with a view of arrogating more than is due to itself, or of granting more than is due to others, it does not vary with varying companies or places; nay,

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it pleases others not only in what it gives, but in what it gains from them. If you are a great man, this principle will not only give you true content, but even procure you the approbation of others; and if you are not a great man, it will either procure you that approbation, or convince you that you do not want it. Such are the characteristics of true pride, those of false pride are just the contrary.

As it is often only the vicious part that displeases in those virtuous characters which are indiscriminately said to be displeasing, so it is only some weakness in superior characters that we laugh at when we suppose the whole character to be ridiculous. A poet is generally considered as a ridiculous character, and yet there is nothing ridiculous in poetry. It frequently happens that poets, and indeed those who are eminent in any particular branch of literature have neglected every other accomplishment; they are deformed as a tree is when all the vigour of the root is exerted only on a particular branch. The mathematician,

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antiquarian, linguist or poet, is probably as ignorant of all that does not immediately relate to mathematics, antiquities, the languages or poetry, as an infant; how then can it be wondered that they are ridiculous? or how can it be thought that they are ridiculous for what they possess, when it is so plain that they are ridiculous only for what they want? Did you ever know one instance of a poet or a philosopher, who had the common qualifications of those who are not poets and philosophers, that was not universally distinguished as a superior character, and treated with proportionable respect? remember then that even when you laugh at a poet, you ridicule not his excellence but his foible only, and that in this instance, you are not only more just than others think you, but more just than you think yourself.

It is a mistake to think that ugliness or deformity, are in themselves disgusting; he who begins by saying I am ugly, or I am deformed, immediately reconciles either to our imaginations, and gives the most convincing proof in the world, not only that truth and non-pretension are most

amiable in themselves, but even in the estimation of those very men who are pretending and proud—Would you recommend this doctrine to others? alas! truth already knows it, and falsehood is not susceptible of proof.

How obliging, or at least how satisfactory, is the neglect of some people!

ARTIS *est celare artem.* True; a man then might be so clever that he would pass for a fool.

If they who understand the utmost refinement of any art will enjoy the perfection of it in a manner superior to other men, will they not amply pay for that advantage in feeling more than other men the imperfection of it, which in the natural course of things must so much oftener fall in their way?—by this rule, methinks, a man may be supposed to live in almost continual pain from his love of pleasure.

PRAY, Sir, where is the fault? no where; and every where. How often might this answer be made both to an actor on the stage and in life? and yet
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tho' this fault is every where it might perhaps be easily taken away by the removal of *one* thing ; and its ten to one but affectation or pride is that thing.

IMPERTINENCE is to dignity what cunning is to wisdom.

IT does not follow that because you are not guilty of impertinence you possess dignity ; or, that because you have no cunning you are wise : nay, it does not even follow that because you despise impertinence and cunning you should therefore never practise either. It is one thing to know the *intrinsic* value of a thing ; another, to know the *current* estimation of it.

THEY tell you it is wrong ? do it again. Still wrong ? again. There—now you see it's right.

A GENEROUS and delicate man will, methinks, want a certain condescension from his mistress in order to give it her back again.

IT by no means follows that we acted from reason, because good reasons can be produced for what we did.

WHAT a terrible, what an *ordeal* trial would it be, if he only was allowed to be RATIONAL, against whom it could not be proved that he ever *once* refused his assent to what was demonstrable to *his* reason! and yet would not that trial be just?

To a delicate and generous mind, the merit of a present will be the freedom with which it is given; and yet there is one present that has merit only in the reluctance with which it is given: The person we most love.

How often might a very reasonable man, who avoids the extremes of the unreasonable, put one in mind of a vulgar proverb which begins with, "between two stools?"

THERE is in every thing a going so far to be right, and a little farther to be very right: ask the man of the world who is at the top of his trade, if you must not be a *little* out of the fashion to be *well* in it.

THERE

THERE are things perhaps in which men of an inferior class of understandings are above their superiors, but unfortunately for them, they have no council among them to plead for them.

WHEN one reflects on the strange blindness of man, which prompts him always to except himself, with respect to faults and failings which he allows to be truly charged upon every other, it fills one with astonishment; and yet, in the midst of this very astonishment, we again except ourselves from the absurdity which we impute to others, nor are we hurt by the practice of so weak a partiality, even when we reflect upon it. As to myself indeed I confess that it is absolutely contradictory to every rule of right reason; and yet I contend that it is natural and therefore right. It is, like some others, a happy prejudice which coincides with other imperfections of nature in its present depraved state; it preserves a general order, tho' of an inferior kind; or, if I may be allowed the metaphor, keeps a weak and defective instrument

in tune, by reducing all the notes to the same scale.

THERE is a power of the understanding which compares and judges of what it sees, and there is another that sees what it compares and judges of in a true light. The first is that power by which men defend error with argument, and the latter that by which they reject error for truth. Shall I compare them through all their operations on the mind? let me then, for the sake of distinction, be permitted to call the first SENSE and the latter GENIUS. SENSE is so distinct from GENIUS, that it may exist without it: GENIUS so much superior to SENSE, that SENSE seems to be valuable only in proportion as it partakes of the elevated qualities of GENIUS: — The eye of GENIUS pierces through the mists of custom and prejudice, and sees things not as they *appear*, but as they *are*; the eye of SENSE pervades not the medium, and therefore sees things not as they *are*, but as they *appear* through it: SENSE is the dupe of its own powers, which are continually exerted to give specious names and honourable titles to the pro-
geny

geny of falshood; GENIUS in a moment discovers the fallacy and spontaneously distinguishes truth: The unalterable nature of GENIUS is to be free, just, and enlarged; that of SENSE to be enslaved, partial, and contracted: GENIUS, often without consideration, fixes upon what is right; SENSE generally considers only to make choice of what is wrong: GENIUS, when it does consider, always deduces its opinion from reason; SENSE generally reasons only to defend an opinion already formed: GENIUS is not influenced by the peculiarities of different countries or men; SENSE is controlled by both: GENIUS always looks forward, and not only sees what *is*, but what *necessarily will be*; SENSE, mistaking appearance for reality, builds falshood upon falshood, and from present errors deduces future: GENIUS, with respect to subjects that lie beyond its reach, forms probable conjectures by justly comparing what it sees, and allowing for what it knows to be out of sight; SENSE, not perceiving the connection between parts that are seen, and others that are not, proudly concludes that it sees all: GENIUS therefore from know-
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ing most, doubts; SENSE from knowing least, decides: GENIUS is always admirable even when it deviates into error; SENSE often despicable even when it arrives at truth: GENIUS often appears to SENSE to act wrong, merely by acting right; and while sense is tied down by rule, GENIUS soars above it: What SENSE admires, GENIUS despises; and what GENIUS loves, SENSE neglects: GENIUS often sees wisdom or virtue, where SENSE only remarks folly or vice; and the contrary; for GENIUS distinguishes good and bad however blended; sense sees only the predominant quality, and having precipitately determined, will afterwards exaggerate or extenuate either good or bad in favour of that determination: GENIUS necessarily yields to the demonstration which results from contradictions; SENSE rather than admit demonstration against a favorite opinion, will suppose a thousand contradictions to be consistent: GENIUS prefers truth, even to itself; SENSE, however it loves truth, always loves itself better. SENSE, like a winged insect, flutters through the mists that surround this

this dark spot at a small distance from its surface; GENIUS, like a planet, takes a wide circuit through the pure expanse of nature, and visits not regions only, but whole worlds which SENSE does not know to exist.

WHAT an excellent composition for Truth, could she procure it, if men were to adopt *just half* the consequences of *their own* true principles:

IT is true perhaps you may be allowed your privilege, * but though the first suggestion of your mind may be to claim it, does not the second urge you to give it up? are you not rather moved to pity than to hate what you acknowledge to be an almost necessary effect of deplorable depravity? nay, will you not rather smile at its malignity, and thus avert its effect? surely this would not only be philosophical but politic: When we arraign others, let us not forget ourselves: let us remember, that if man is irrational, un-

* See Maxim, page 109.

generous,

generous, and unkind, we are all comprehended in that common name; and let us confess for our own sakes, that if the human mind naturally produces noisome weeds, it also produces flowers and fruit; and that the best method to mend the soil in general, is for each of us to cultivate his own particular spot.

STRIKE, BUT HEAR ME.

Plutarch of Alcibiades,

F I N I S.



